

CANADA'S WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE

Maclean's

DECEMBER 14, 1981

\$1.00

AN ACT OF PRIDE



THE CONSTITUTION:
SPECIAL REPORT



Can you look this man straight in the eye
and honestly say you deserve Crown Royal?



Maclean's



COVER STORY

An act of pride

To the exuberant cheers of Liberal MPs, Pierre Trudeau last week scored the crowning achievement of his career. He was an overwhelming Commons endorsement for the final details of Canada's new constitution. In a special report, Maclean's recreates the historic occasion, looks at its implications for the future, and examines the odds of consensus faced by the few who said no. —Page 26

COVER STORY CHARTER BYRON/CFR



Back to the brink

A flurry of ultimatums followed last week's siege of a rebel fire eaters college. —Page 38

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Beauty and the beast

A host of urban problems threaten Connecticut's picture perfect image. —Page 18



No time like the future

Peter Munk is huge with money to spend and a Clarence ghost to entreat. —Page 44



Busy Barbara

Calamitous Barbara Ansel decides to put Peter Worthington's residents on the right track. —Page 47



Precious paper presents

Christmas gift books provide a feast for the supply side of the imagination. —Page 55

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Upset over upset

It is obvious that former premier Sterling Lyon viewed the voting public of Manitoba with extreme cynicism, especially in the last days of the campaign (Opinion, *Manitoba*, Cover, Nov. 30). Many people recognize that Canadiana must return to a more realistic lifestyle based on living within our means, but whenever a government tries to lead on down this path we quickly label it "non-sensitive" and throw it out. In turn, there appears a miracle worker, some our money, who is meant to lay us out on our economic troubles. It always seems that it is the "other guy" who must bear the burden of an economic recovery.

—GREGG GRACEY
Lakeland, Ont.



Premier Pawley: the other guy

Was in Manitoba? The reappearance of the lone affair with the socialist NDP will do damage as it did in B.C. in the mid-1970s. The people of Manitoba were too quick to take any political reactions from Sterling Lyon. It's pretty much in two to eight years of NDP mismanagement (it less than half that time).

—JACQUES CARTIER
Vancouver, B.C.

Truffles in the open

In your article *In the Open* (Cover, Nov. 28) you say that "leopholes" are often not deliberately written into the law, they are found there, like truffles, under the surface, mostly of lawyers and accountants." Yet when you give

three examples of these "leopholes" they are all deliberately written into the law! I also disagree with your outlook that the money we earn belongs to the government and we should feel guilty for trying to keep as much of it as we can.

—BIL KING
Lacombe, Sask.

The real headache

As you suggest in your article on cigarettos (Health, Nov. 28), ideal treatment of this condition is multidisciplinary. However, before true advancement can be made in this field, the medical profession must accept that symptomatic treatment alone is insufficient.

—MICHAEL SCHWARTZ
Riviera

Any votes for wage controls?

The demonstration on Parliament Hill protesting against high interest rates was a powerful and civilised expression of the economic pain, the social outrage and the political will of the Canadian people (Business, Nov. 30). An Old President Denis McCreath said, the number was about twice as many as targeted five years ago to protest against wage and price controls. The obvious message is that high interest rates have put more Canadians in worse straits than wage controls. The obvious message is that the protest five years ago was a mistake. So as not to risk runaway inflation the current protestors should now insist that wage controls be reintroduced, this time permanently.

—M. K. GORDON
Windsor

Another quake

In your article *Predicting the Eastern Canadian Quake* (Science, Nov. 30) you appear to have missed the fact that Canada has produced one of the world's foremost experts on earthquake prediction. David Simpson is a graduate of Dalhousie and the Australian National University.

—ALAN RUFFMAN
Riviera

An American snowbird?

In your profile on Edith Butler (Nov. 30) the Belgian singer-songwriter Jacques Huel was described as being from France. Surely this is akin to suggesting that Anne Murray or Dan Hill are American?

—NORTH PACIFIC
Greaves

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PASSAGES



CONNECTED Former Green Beach, Eugene Tufano, 46, of third-degree sexual assault and conspiracy by a Fort Collins, Colo., court following the Oct. 14, 1980, shooting on the Colorado State University campus. Tufano was accused of trying to assassinate Libyan dentist Fadi Zaghari on orders from Libyan leader Col. Muammar Khaddafi. The conviction was the maximum possible and carries a maximum sentence of two years in jail.

DEED Val Gilead, 81, playwright, novelist and former top head of radio drama, in London. The brother of actor Sir John Gielgud, he was noted for his early encouragement of such giants of the theatre as *Shakespeare*, *Beckett* and *Harold Pinter*.

DEED Actress Natalie Wood, dark-eyed star of *West Side Story* and more than 30 other films, by drowning in the Pacific. Wood, 43, is thought to have fallen from a rubber boat moored to husband Robert Wagner's yacht off Santa Catalina Island, near Los Angeles. Story page 48.



RECOVERED Senator Ernest Manning, 73, as the first member of Alberta's Order of Excellence, by Lt. Gov. Frank Lynch-Staunton. The order was established in 1979 to mark the province's 75th anniversary and give recognition to residents who have distinguished themselves on behalf of the province. Manning, a protégé of Social Credit founder William Aberhart, was first elected premier of Alberta in 1943 and remained in power for 25 years.



DEED American architect Wallace Harrison, 86, who played a major role in the design of Rockefeller Center, Lincoln Center, the Metropolitan Opera House and the 1959 World's Fair, in New York City. His style was called modernist, but Harrison summed up his own philosophy much more simply. Said he on one occasion: "I think an opera house should look like an opera house."

RELEASED Former Maryland governor Marvin Mandel, 68, after serving 18 months of a three-year sentence for corruption, in Egypt Air Force Base. Via President Ronald Reagan commuted the sentence since Mandel had already served more time than his co-defendants for accepting \$350,000 in bribes to let favorable dates for a defense Maryland racing track.

A new front for an old war

Congratulations on your excellent article A Battle to Save the Caribou (Environnement, Nov. 14). It's high time that southern Canadians finally learn the truth about native hunting practices. We have the N.W.T. Wildlife Service, but their hands are tied because management of the herds is solely based on the nature's so-called right to hunt. The N.W.T. caribou are on the endangered species list and hence can be regulated, but who will do it? Certainly not the N.W.T. government, since it is mostly against them. Our caribou are going down the drain. —BERRY LASHILL, Prince Point, N.W.T.



Our caribou are going down the drain.

Mean old Mother Goose

In regard to the changes being made in nursery rhymes (Religion, Nov. 25), through the centuries many fairy stories have gradually changed, and sometimes for the better. In the original Cinderella the stepsisters had their eyes plucked out, and in Snow White the stepmother had to dance in red hot shoes until she died. —FLIPPYDAIR, Toronto

The book *The Christian Mother Goose* and its sequel, *Treasury*, while containing secular cranks has not succeeded in winning over the entire church either. Even those of us who are evangelists and submit to some fairly fundamental notions about biblical truth are not running out en masse to purchase the remade classics. One thing is sure:

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Life in the balance

Your article Canada's Shunting Boat Post Forward (Sports, Nov. 25) was sensitively written. You not only described the soccer game as it was played, but also analyzed what the game meant to players and the spectators. When soccer players step on a field they not only represent their country, but every inhabitant of that country. When they lose, every person has been defeated. You vividly described this feeling with a quote from Françoise Lalonde, star of the Italian team "The Canadians are playing soccer, we are fighting for our survival!" —R. KAVIN, Scarborough, Ont.

A date with destiny

Maclean's is at it again. In your story on Senator Thérèse Casgrain (Canada, Nov. 16) she supposedly mentioned that "From 1922 to 1928, we went every year to see [Premier Maurice] Duplessis, and every year he turned us back." Our great dictator was in power from 1920 to '26 and from 1944 until his death in 1959. From 1922 to '23 L. A. Taschereau was our premier. —JESSE PAUL PHILLIPS, Montreal

A digital blast

I was really enjoying Andrew Gule's Pothead article (Nov. 16) as Telidon unit is copied out. Drafting legislation to prohibit on from the real threat of restrictive television is like signing a peace treaty with your enemy. It's only good for so long as everybody wants it to be. In addition to Gule's urgent concerns, there is also the matter of increasing isolation of the urban dweller. Being able to sleep, play, find a job and get all those other goods from your own living room will just isolate us further. The right thing to do with Telidon is plant a bomb under it. —JAMES GIBSON, Vancouver, B.C.

Greyer seas under

In your article In the Belly of a Cold-Mooded Killer (This Canada, Nov. 21) you discussed the capabilities of Canada's small fleet of submarines. You left the mistaken impression that a submarine can easily escape our "bedevilled helicopters." The Sea King helicopter, although somewhat dated, is very capable of performing its assigned tasks within the full framework of anti-submarine warfare, as recent exercises have proven. —T. G. VAN LINT, St. John's, N.S.

Letters are edited and may be condensed. Writers should supply some address for return. Send all correspondence to the editor at the *Maclean's* magazine, Ltd. University Ave., Toronto, Ont. M5W 1A7.

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Young stereotypes die hard

By Susan Bonak

I don't believe in a generation gap, but I do believe I am being ignored. I am a resource that is as important as oil and as precious as gold, but as neglected as a littered park. The English language cannot satisfactorily name me, because I'm over 18. I'm hardly an adult, but society does not accept me as an adult until I am married and/or in the work force. "Adolescent" sounds drastically sterile, and "youth" is potentially patronizing. As close as I can come to naming my 15-44-55 age group is "young people."

Being young means I get lost somewhere between Donald Duck cartoons and the 11 a'clock news—there is virtually no programming for us at a time when we are very open to learning and understanding. Take the CBS, for example, where I recently proposed a TV news program that would reflect a young person's viewpoint. I got shuffled from office to office until it was abundantly clear that they had no department for, and no interest in, such an idea.

Society demands that I become more concerned, more responsible and committed to intellectual achievements, yet I am not allowed a commensurate increase of participation in decision making. Why can't a national poll, open only to the young public under age 25, be conducted in decisions affecting my future—is the development of energy resources, for example? Obedience and submission are demanded precisely when my energy and desire for autonomy are greatest. Why wasn't it mutually acceptable for me to start my writing career, get out in the world for a while, and then get a university degree?

How often have I been stereotyped as inexperienced and youthful idealism—are these unfair labels based solely on the fact that I am 18? As a woman, high school senior, but participant, I discovered that getting a ball to give milk was often easier than getting a university professor to listen to my ideas or give me lab time. When I suggested in a science project that thermoelectricity be used as an additional energy source to offset the energy crisis, the judges at the fair answered with a smile and a nod, implying "You have a lot to learn." I felt angry and frustrated at this response, but I did learn. I designed a thermoelectric web (for producing electricity) that not only worked and won top awards—including a gold medal at a national level—but also proved that thermoelectricity was feasible and economical.

At present, part of my time is spent doing on-camera freelance work for News At Noon, a local TV program. I decided to pursue a career in the media because I believe communication is important. I try to bring my enthusiasm and energy to my work—if I'm not interested in what I'm babbling about, why should anyone else be? "Dear," I am lectured, "what an idealistic outlook! You'll face reality soon." Well, it seems to me that dreams and ideals, reality of the young, have gotten on a long way.

Those days when dreams are not recognized, but idealized. Jealous, harsh looks and envious remarks are all designed

to keep society young. But, no one listens to the chronologically young. All people want is my body! Young people are harassed, deceived, analyzed and criticized, but rarely consulted. Yet, I still do not believe the lack of recognition given to young people is caused by a generation gap, a term that has been used for years by young people and by adults as an explanation, or an excuse, for passing facts such as the racism riots, beer and potting parties of the Roaring '20s, the party riots and student sit-ins of the '60s, the drug, peace marches, student power movements and legions of the '80s.

I realize that I am not alone—that feelings of frustration, alienation and worthlessness are shared by many groups in our society. But we could all benefit by solving the problem that exists essentially because you and I do not have a holistic, humanistic outlook on our world. (Paraphrase my idealism in sharing.) Our lack of understanding exists, not because older people do not talk with younger people, but because people do not communicate with people. There seems to be little interest in understanding each other.

I believe I can solve our common problem and that the solution begins with me—the young person—because the future of our world rests in my hands. I care too much to let our globe continue to become where it hopelessly falls. There are things we must change now. Why can't we stop looking at each other in such a narrow-minded, stringent fashion? Why don't you acknowledge the importance of young people as people? Do not ignore or categorize me, but recognize me as a human being. Do not isolate me as an institutional, educational assemblage, then pull me into the equatorial work world after university and complain, as I melt in the heat, that I do not responsibly deal with government, the economy or human relations. Let me into your world earlier. Invite me to your board meetings. Let me voice my opinions and ask questions which may give me insights into problems I will face in the business world you leave behind. Give me a small place (and a voice) to go with it) in government—perhaps a youth advisory council.

Allow me a role in the electronic and print media (not a separate program or magazine, but a part of your programs and publications) to present and discuss issues of concern to both of us. Give me channels to use my energy for constructive, recognized work and I will not have time to stage protests or riot.

Do not criticize my idealism or inexperience, for inexperience gives me a fresh perspective. I may just take an old newspaper, used for decades and destined to uncover the faultlines of society, and (innovatively use its handle as a lever) to pull things back into place. And if, because of the encouragement you give me now, I do something to help you or better our world, I will have you to thank. I see your park, your future. It is up to you not to litter me.

Susan Bonak is a student at the University of Wisconsin and a freelance journalist and broadcaster.

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Fighting feudalism in the fishery

By Michael Chagston

Around the Burns Point main square, the town of Grand Bank is as close as people can come to a riot of color. The neat clapboard houses in their cheerful blues and yellows give a false sense of peace and prosperity in what has traditionally been one of Newfoundland's most affluent fishing towns. The town's real pulse is to be taken up at the Lions' hall, where most of Grand Bank's workers are assembled. The audience is neatly rough-edged—old lumber jackets, peaked caps tipped up, and chin stubble on faces that have squinted through years of foggy down. These fishermen are among the most self-sufficient on the island—year-rounders who have always bucked the old work-and-leave rhythm of the larger part of the business. Now, with the fishery in one of the most disastrous slumps in its troubled history, they have come to take strength from their union leader, Richard Cashin.

"You're being asked to pay the price for horrendous mismanagement, and we're not going to sit and take it quietly," Cashin, a shaggy figure with a disorderly thatch of graying hair, is shouting. "I've not recovered about

swelling fish when I'm up to my arse in alligators, and that's where we are now." On the face of it, this ferocious, gesticulating man doesn't seem like the sort who once rubbed shoulders with John Diefenbaker and Lester Pearson, much less the man whom Joey Smallwood, while premier

in 1962, suggested as his own successor. But as Cashin paces, steps back, and lights another cigarette, it's quickly apparent that this is no ordinary leader who did not work his way up through the ranks. With his grey fannels and V-necked sweater, pale complexion, high forehead and hands that have not done a day's fishing in their 45 years, Cashin looks as out of place as an English professor with a road crew. He speaks for 45 minutes without notes, stirring up a

thick emotional stew which, though tinged as platitudes, seems sensitive to fortify them. Afterwards he chats briefly with some fishermen, then harrumphs out to the dirt parking lot, into his big black Ford LTD Victoria with red interior, and off down the road for another speech. Cashin dines and jokes easily with the three union stewards in the eve. "Maybe I did swear too much there," he says, reverting to his customary calm tones. "My wife doesn't like it when I do that, but I do get carried away."

Clearly, Richard Cashin is no ordinary labor leader. Born above the salt in a class-absorbed province and working well below it now, he cuts off easily through the layers of Newfoundland society. The son of a wealthy St. John's merchant, he was an MP at 25, was subsequently courted by provincial and federal parties, appointed a commissioner of the 1977 Task Force on Canadian Unity, and more recently named a Prime Canada director. But then the organization he founded 18 years ago—the Newfoundland Fishermen, Fuel and Allied Workers Union (NFWU)—is an ordinary union. It has been called the most powerful agent for social change in the East since the Antigonish co-operative movement of the 1930s. According to Newfoundland and former external affairs minister Don Jamieson, a friend of Cashin's, the union has earned an approval that is "as significant as any in the province in the last 50 years"—and as controversial.

Controversies settle naturally around the person of Richard Cashin. His name is as well known as any in the province—Pookfield, Gander, even St. John's. Cashin tends to be painted in romantic extremes, either as a heroic rebel who betrayed his own class or as a low political opportunist carrying the fishing vote. If he has made enemies, challenged the social hierarchy, and threatened at times to bring the province to its knees, then all seems in character.

"In a way he was a traitor to his class, although the Cashins have always been merchants," says Jamieson. From an early age, Cashin showed that he had inherited the twin stripes of populism and disruption. He speaks in his family background. He calls his younger

At fishing boats in Newfoundland



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Cashin after being elected union leader in 1927 is: up to my ears in alligators

brother, Laurence, now a federal civil servant. "You couldn't ever have accused Richard of being shy. It was sometimes hard to get a word in edgewise at the dinner table." Their father made a fortune in a coal and oil business during the Second World War but shared none of the establishment's paternalism toward outworkers. The family kept touch with the lower rungs of the financial ladder through frequent visits to friends and relatives in the small southern shore settlements of Cape Breton, Wrentham Bay and Bay Bulls. "The family had a strong sense of itself and of Newfoundland," says Cashin. Little wonder, since the Cashins go back almost 200 years there: his grandfather, Sir Michael Cashin, a noted orator, was briefly Newfoundland's prime minister and his uncle, May Peter Cashin, sat in the legislature during a 30-year period and was a ferocious and widely popular opponent of Confederation. Young Richard was there the day his uncle defended himself successfully in a slander suit. "There must have been 2,000 [anti-Confederation supporters] outside the courthouse, and they carried him off on their shoulders." It was also through his uncle Peter that he heard about the equally controversial Sir William Coaker, who in 1909 had founded the influential Fishermen's Protective Union, which was in many ways the ideological ancestor to Cashin's thought.

For himself, Cashin showed an early aversion to politics which took some colorful turns at St. Francis Xavier University. His debating partner, Bruce Maloney, now president of Iron Ore Company of Canada, and former federal Tory leadership candidate, recalls that

if Cashin seemed bored in an interview he would tease the timid invitation, "And I ask you, ladies and gentlemen, to join me as I look down the vista of the years." They'd hang on their seats to see what Cashin was going to look at," says Maloney. A brilliant student, Cashin thrived on the school's unique blend of theory and practice: the curriculum included studies of trade unionism and rural co-operatives, while faculty-led study clubs among miners and steel workers were inspiring the laborers to the unprecedented move of sending their children to the college. He took to the easy social mixing at the school. Says Cashin, "It didn't have the copper-hand class consciousness of St. John's." He threw himself into student politics, helping found political parties at St. F-X and then at Dalhousie. There he studied law, fell in love with and married Rosanna Karl, also of St. John's. Word filtered back to St. John's about the smooth-talking, jovial Newfoundland leader who had joined the Liberals and become prime minister of the Maritime Unionist Student Parliament. This attracted the attention of the news when his uncle Peter had come to physical blows over Confederation. "I said, my God, this is something new—a Cashin who's Liberal," recalls Joey Smallwood. By the time Cashin returned to St. John's in 1952—a 35-year-old member of the bars of both Newfoundland and—there, Richard, 35, didn't see any

ready with the offer of the St. John's West federal riding.

During his years in Ottawa, from 1952 to 1958, Cashin showed a growing sense of social responsibility. "The Sir in Ottawa was constantly looked upon as a left wingie," says Maloney. "More



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of the fish he said and still says are not necessarily socialist, but are in the St. P-X tradition of unity: nothing wrong with the lamb and the lion lying down together." In a 1986 speech Cusbin told the Commons that the eradication of poverty was Canada's greatest problem. In 1987 he said a group of fishermen in Trapani that they would benefit by a union. Two years after his defeat at the polls he told a university gathering that "private corporations don't really care about the provincial economy."

By that time he had already received the phone call that turned his life around. Father Desmond McGrath, a St. P-X alumnus and former debating teammate of Cusbin's, was phoning together a fishermen's union in Port au Choix, a small settlement on the northwest coast. Was Cusbin interested in helping out? Cusbin, dying of boredom as a St. John's lawyer, arrived in time for the second meeting of the group that would soon form the Northern Fishermen's Union (NFI). "I spent the next year or two defending why a man with a political nose like Cusbin, a lawyer, independent financially, should be getting involved with the fishermen," says McGrath, a big man with rough worker's hands. "They said he would let us rest."

Cusbin was off as a three-year membership campaign which Richard Gwyn, the political columnist, has called "one of the most remarkable in Canadian labor history." He stepped out of his lawyer's office straight into kitchens and living rooms and meetings in Port au Choix, Bonaville, Bay, up the Northern Peninsula, the huge bays of the Avalon Peninsula, and down the Southern Shore and South Coast, working for nothing and bringing off his membership of approximately 1250,000. Due largely to the work of Cusbin and McGrath, the NFI was formed in 1979, and the following year merged with the Canadian Food and Allied Workers Union to become the CFAWU. The St. John's lawyer had shown he could talk a language the fishermen understood and trusted, for they elected him president at the April, 1979, founding convention, at a salary of \$15,000.

The new union had an enormous task before it. Eight through the 1980s, the 400-year-old



Addressing fishermen's rally in 1979: Is a way he was a brother to his class?

fishery industry was operating in a Dickinson Incubator. Fish-plant workers were not covered by the minimum wage, trawler crews were almost all "sharemen" who were not paid—even for a week or more at sea—unless their boat caught fish, the price of fish was announced by fish buyers, subject to no discussion, and fishermen had no right to collective bargaining. After a decade of strikes and confrontations by Cusbin and the NFI/AFU ("The industry thought we wanted to run them," says Cusbin), all these conditions have been reversed.

But the problems of this fall "are facing us as to come to grips with what we've achieved over the last few years," says Cusbin. "We haven't come this far just to let the battle end the show on

how to restructure the whole fishing industry of Newfoundland." These challenges and people have been out of work since mid-August on the normally self-sufficient South Coast, with fish plants closed and trawlers idle. A number of problems—scarce fish, high interest rates, a soft U.S. market and some dubious management decisions—have deepened talk of amalgamation among three of the province's four ma-

nor fish processors, the Lake Group, H.B. Nickerson and Sons Ltd., and National Sea Products Ltd. Cusbin, meanwhile, is trying to get his long-held views on economic rationalization—nationalizing the industry and get a Crown corporation in charge of marketing—on the government's agenda.

In Newfoundland, Cusbin is much more than a negotiator of contracts in the traditional trade union setting. Like an ex officio leader of the opposition, he is a well-known voice, commenting on the passing scene with his own unusual blend of cool logic and emotional flamboyance. A favorite target is Premier Brian Peckford, whom he frequently lambastes in his speeches. Peckford's view that fishing should be open to all Newfoundlanders as a source of income because it is part of the "traditional lifestyle" is a sentimental anathema to Cusbin. In his opinion overlooking jeopardizes the incomes of all fishermen. Cusbin's combative has won him many enemies. His James Morgan (now fisheries minister) said in 1992, "[Cusbin's] stubbornness and obstinacy can eventually destroy the fisheries. The only possibility of settling the strike is continued after the resignation of Richard Cusbin." Fish-plant owners still deplore his excessive rhetoric. Says William Wells, president of the Fishermen's Association of Newfoundland and Labrador Ltd., who represents the fish companies in negotiations with Cusbin, "We might be negotiating about what's a rather wordy today. We'll say you've had the fishermen on their backs for years, when are you going to let them up. It doesn't make for very constructive bargaining." The once-fre-

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PICKLES'
An Exceptional Gin,
Extra Ordinary Dry

quest charges of political opportunism
have lost their zip now that Cashin has
stayed with the union for so long.
Though he acknowledges Cashin's con-
tribution to the union, Wells, however,
still regards him as "more of a political
animal than a regular trade unionist."
He always gets right in on an issue if
there's going to be publicity and a high
profile.

And yet Cashin is a somewhat re-
served and private man off the podium,
the sort whom fishermen admire from
afar rather than slap on the back. He
has a quiet charm and a way self-depre-
cating humor—the wistful of the "fol-
ly" figure his college professors remem-
ber—and he likes to be able to say after
a speech that he "laid 'em in the snare
that time." He may heap scorn on Pick-
ford's brand of "sentimental" nationalism,
but there are nights when the old
Irish and Scottish records are played
and song along with—at Cashin's
ranch-style house in the country.

Cashin admits he has never lost his
interest in politics, but even now, after
the union has organized almost 100 per
cent of Newfoundland's 14,000 fisher-
men and about 80 per cent of its plant
workers, he insists he has far too much
to do in the union to consider an im-
minent return. "One reason I got out of
politics [he quit as president of the
Newfoundland Liberals in 1969] is I'd
begun to lose faith in the political pro-
cess. Through law, then labor, I could
attack in practical ways the basic weak-
ness of Newfoundland's society—the
lack of democratic institutions." Cashin
has long seen the union hall, rather
than the legislature, as the place to fur-
ther his broad social goals, the develop-
ment of leadership skills that will give
the fishermen a political voice, espe-
cially at the local level in school boards
and town councils. And that goal is still
a long way off. "I don't think that 39
years of collective bargaining and of
what might be perceived as progress
has really changed the gross-fundal sit-
uation. Look at last year's dispute. The
companies unilaterally imposed their
contract and stopped deducting union
dues—something they would not have
done in no industrial situation."

Where would he stand in a political
contest? "If he ever did decide to make a
political party [out of the union], I'm
sure he could be premier, or give it a
good run," says McGrath. With two
children at university and another at
elementary school, a political career
and 10 years of trade unionism behind
him, many men would be satisfied to
rest on their achievements. But Brian
Maloney can't foresee such a thing.
"He's only 46. He's really at the begin-
ning of his career, and he's known
across the country. Anything could hap-
pen to Richard Cashin." ☐

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The beast creeps up on the beauty

By Rita Christopher

American, Finnish, all-rolled dream of Connecticut, the promised land where exquisites in grey flannel suits and metropolitan attire cases are met at the railway station by slim, blond women in tan-tan dresses, where a dip in the lovely pool and a double martini before dinner are as integral a part of life as a cocktailer moon-sets, sa-pair girls and the elegant business that high-rise up-lyng impacts. Affluent, New Yorkers believe drive providence placed Connecticut's green meadows and classic New England villages a mere two hours from midtown Manhattan in special recognition of the need of leisure-forged city residents to unwind at weekend watering holes.

Yet behind the charmed illusion, Connecticut (population, 3,100,576) suffers from the same intractable problems of race discrimination and poverty, the same urban blight and the same industrial pollution as does the rest of the industrial northeast. Beneath the illustrious patina that Yale University gives to New Haven, the city hated for innovative approaches to urban design 50 years ago, are struggles with dilapidated housing and so unskilled under-class. Similar problems plague other metropolitan areas from the capital of Hartford to Waterford and Bridgeport, Connecticut's problems are compounded by its identity crisis.

"This state has to decide whether it wants to be part of New York or New England," says Richard Wooley, former executive editor of *The Hartford Courant*. "Creeping urban growth has left the state with an estimated 3,000 working farms, down from 4,500 in 1960, and two months ago the historic Danbury fairgrounds were plowed under to make way for a shopping mall in the once agricultural town communities of



Meriden and Scotland, the biggest events of the past year were Ku Klux Klan rallies attracting to be sure, more reporters and television cameras than local sympathizers.

The Connecticut Yankee, the hardy figure of New England legend as popularized by Mark Twain, has all but disappeared in his native lands. The state

has the second largest Italian population and one of the largest Jewish, Catholic populations in the U.S. In addition, the state has significant pockets of ethnic population ranging from Polish to Portuguese. "Everybody is still very true to us" says retired insurance executive John Alsop, whose ancestors were among Connecticut's earliest settlers, "but there are just a few of us Yankees left. We are a dying breed." Nonetheless, stereotypes die hard. "If you say Connecticut, people think of something like Mystic Seaport," says Thurman Milner, referring to the famous restoration of a 19th-century seafaring village. "In the media version of this state there are only quaint towns—never any minorities."

Milner knows better. Broomfield, a town of 10,000 people, is about 50 per cent black and Hispanic. "It was likely a product of urban upsurge from New York City," says Prof. Everett Radd of the University of Connecticut.

Whatever is down there ultimately comes up the railroad tracks to Connecticut. The current plight of Hartford's minority population is obvious to anyone who drives down guttae-strewn Albany Avenue in the city's north and Grover man sip pint bottles in paper bags and teenagers get out in the abandoned hallways of decaying houses. The city has one of the fastest growing crime rates in the nation, and Nicholas Carbone, a former city council leader, maintains that 40 to 60 per cent of the city's residents submit on government transfer payments from food stamps to welfare.

"The people I deal with have no real identification with Connecticut," says Neil Coll, who heads a poverty organization in the north end. "They don't feel a part of the state. They

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Picture-perfect, fairy-tale version of state is (below) reality of downtown Hartford. The Connecticut Yankee has all but disappeared from native lands.



only feel a part of their problems."

Still, greater Hartford could hardly be classed as depressed. The downtown area, in fact, is undergoing a major construction boom. The city has the economic muscle provided by the headquarters of giant insurance companies such as Aetna Life & Casualty and such highly visible multinationals as the high-technology conglomerate United Technologies Corp. "We have industry here, but it's not helping the poorest residents," maintains Coit. "The city core is gutted out. People get on the highway, come in to work from the sub-

urbs and get back on the highway to go home. As far as the city of Hartford goes, the commuters are nonexistent." To diversify the distance between ghetto life and the flourishing business community, Mike Carbone has put together a slide show he calls "The Tale of Two Cities." "The corporate city works fantastically well," says Carbone, "but in the north end we're really poor from simply a crisis to a prolonged depressive disease."

Only too aware of the problems, Mayor Milner nonetheless hopes the very fact of his election will make some



Mayor Milner (above), former governor Ella Grasso (below) shake off a stain



difference. "You know what happens? They are in Washington that a black win has been elected mayor and then somebody says, 'hey, wait a minute, that city must be in really terrible shape,' and they start throwing money and programs your way," he says optimistically. While that may have been true in the past, Reagan administration budget cutting makes extra federal help for Hartford, a traditionally Democratic city, highly unlikely.

To make matters worse, Connecticut has lost its strongest national political union. During the glory days of the Kennedy brothers, when Connecticut's John Bailey was chairman of the Democratic National Committee, the state had political clout that belied its status as the third smallest in the union. Bailey's protégés included such national figures as U.S. Senator Abraham Ribicoff and representative, later governor, Ella T. Grasso. But Bailey died of cancer in 1973. Ribicoff has retired from the Senate, and Ella Grasso, one of the most impressive vote-getters in Connecticut history, died of cancer shortly after resigning in the middle of her second term as governor last January. Adding to the Democrats' woes, Congressman Robert

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Gianno of New Haven, who chaired the powerful House Budget Committee, also retired last year, and another senior Connecticut congressman, William C. Orr, died of cancer in August. At one of the face-rubs that are becoming all too familiar for Connecticut's Democrats, Frank Denovay, a longtime chairman of the political union, recalls an employee of the Democratic State Central Committee lamenting publicly in the hall of the dead: "We're losing them—and we're not even losing them to Republicans."

The loss of Governor Gianno, known throughout the state as Eli, has proven particularly hard to absorb—both emotionally and politically. Despite her quick temper and a fine command of invective, even Republicans like John Abzug admit it. "Eli has achieved the status of a saint," Barbara Bailey Kennedy, Connecticut's secretary of state and daughter of the late John Bailey, explains. "Eli held this state together." That is more than her successor, former Lt.-Gov. William O'Neill, a former mayor who rose through the state legislature, has been able to do. "Eli's a modest man doing a modest job," says Richard Mooney, and even supporters like Kennedy's executive assistant, Robert Cene, avoid him only such lukewarm praise as, "Eli's getting better." Faced with a projected budget gap of some \$158 million, the hapless governor may have to violate Connecticut's most honored political taboo by imposing a state income tax. (Connecticut is one of the few states that does not have such a levy.) Last month, at the beginning of a special state legislative session called to deal with the budget problem, O'Neill suffered a mild heart attack, undoubtedly further undermining his leadership.

No amount of political ceasefire, however, seems able to slow the corporate boom in Fairfield County, the section of Connecticut closest to New York City. In 1987, Fairfield County hosted the headquarters of only two companies on the Fortune 500 list. Now it has 25 such financial giants, including Xerox Corp., The Singer Co. and Champion International Corp. Downtown Hartford, where some headquarters craved cheek by jowl along Interstate 84, has become a mecca for the exodus of modern corporate architecture. Instead of an uncomfortable commute in the aging New Haven railway, executives drive to work from such exclusive enclaves as Westport and Greenwich, where modest homes can start at \$250,000 and score lavish estates defy both imagination and mortgage rates. "When you say you are from Connecticut, all people ever say is 'Oh, ym, Greenwich,'" laments John Abzug, a resident of the Hartford suburb of



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Avon. "I tell them that there's a whole state out there beyond Greenwich!" Indeed, many Connecticut residents believe their state doesn't really begin until you cross the Fairfield County line. Frank DeStasio, who admits he gets to Boston's Fenway Park for ball games several times a year, gives the litmus test for separating a true New Englander from a transplanted New Yorker who lives in Fairfield County because it's quicker to get to the tennis courts. "There's a house on the road, and on one side they root for the New York Yankees, on the other side we New En-

glanders root for the Boston Red Sox," he explains. However difficult it may be to foresee Yankees owner George Steinbrenner's misadventures, Connecticut's "gold coast" will have to develop a greater recognition of the state's problems, from the slams of Bridgeport right under the very noses of affluent Fairfield County residents to the chronic unemployment of machine tool workers in the once-prosperous Naugatuck River valley, if the state is to avoid the kind of economic and social ills that haunt its neighbors. State economic planners



Governor O'Neill (above) and Kennedy prolonged degenerative disease.



foresee growth in such highly technical areas as computer software and micro chips, but it is doubtful that such complex industries will offer entry-level jobs for unskilled minority youths from the slums of Hartford and New Haven. No one argues Connecticut's ills are yet unsalvageable. Some observers feel the gloom and doom, in fact, are highly premature. "It's like the mouse that saw its first dog and thought it was an elephant because he had heard so much about them," says Homer Robbins, president of the Hartford Graduate Center. "I think we've heard so much about other areas we are overreacting to our own situation." But Barbara Bailey Kennedy, running for the congressional seat left vacant by William Cotto's death, feels Connecticut is at a crucial point in determining whether it will face serious economic decline or hold its own against the burgeoning Sun Belt states. "We're right on the head of the pin. Connecticut could go either way right now," she says. "And we don't have the luxury of time. What happens in the '80s will tell what our next 50 years will be like." ♦



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Innovative housing of Winchester Squares designed with people in mind

room apartment simply "a place to sleep." Cecilia Hamlin, a 45-year-old clerical worker who resides in one of the project's ground-to-income buildings, worries about raising her 13-year-old daughter in a sea of concrete. "There's not much here for children. I just try to get her out of the area as much as possible."

The plight facing people like the Hamlins was never far from mind during the development of Winchester Squares. Says Ann Ophel, a planner for the district: "We deliberately tried to avoid the mistakes of St. Jamestown." Instead of a maze of anonymous edifices, the plan calls for a blend of row houses, small apartment blocks, three comparatively small towers, co-ops and senior citizens' housing—for which rents will range from moderate and ground-to-income to expensive. Unlike St. Jamestown, Winchester Square encompasses a portion of the existing neighborhood. For Margaret Ottens, who works at the previously funded Tenant Helpline, the move from St. Jamestown to Winchester Square has made things easier. "You feel like they thought of people when they designed this place."

For St. Jamestown the future is not quite as rosy. In a city faced with a vacancy rate of 8.4 per cent, most of its tenants are new arrivals to Toronto who flock to the conveniently located and moderately priced apartments, but the average occupancy lasts only from nine months to a year. "Only those who have no other choice would live there," says Ottens. Adds Alid Osegu: "The day is done for St. Jamestown." ♦

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Joe Clark and Ed Broadbent lap up their accolades: a country nurtured on respect for authority, then could be heady times ahead

hargening regions. Trudeau was forced to retreat on the central amending formula, the factor that will determine any new changes to the patriarchal constitution. Now alterations to the Senate or the Supreme Court, for example, will have to be approved by seven provinces, representing 50 per cent of the population. Gains from previous rounds in a veto for Ontario and Quebec. Any three dissenting provinces can opt out of a deal in educational and cultural matters agreed by the other seven and receive financial compensation—a bonus, in effect, for going their own way. Trudeau once denounced this formula for a checkerboard Canada as one that "would guarantee inequality between the provinces." Now he has to live with that.

The big winner—in perceived terms, as perceptive Montreal *Le Presse* columnist Laurence Gagnon has it—was Alberta Premier Peter Lougheed. He led the fight that forced Trudeau to drop not only his amending formula but even a proposed referendum on the formula. Lougheed insisted on qualifying "existing" native rights, fearful of the implications for control of oil and gas. He was the architect of the new amending formula, which denies veto powers to central Canada.

Newfoundland's Premier Brian Peckford, who, to Trudeau's horror, once portrayed Ottawa as "an agency of the provinces," was a key escape clause—the *Ulstera* knob—an so-called mobility rider.

There were key concessions, too, for Trudeau's two allies from the affair from the outset. For Hatfield, there was the principle of consultation. For Bill Davis of Ontario—and the Orange Lodge—there is an important omission: bilingualism will not be imposed on the legislature and courts.

There is also the matter of education rights—and their lack—for minorities. In English Canada the charter will allow parents whose mother tongue is French to send their children to French schools. The same mother-tongue provision will not apply in Quebec for the English until the legislature so orders—it's another wedge until provincial Liberals defeat the Parti Québécois.

"I am sorry," says Trudeau, "that we haven't got full freedom of choice in Quebec." But he argues that the current rebalancing "restores even more drastically the rights of the francophones in Quebec." They cannot opt to educate their children in English, while even earlier Quebec's Bill 99 sent English parents out to send their children to English schools. As for francophones outside Quebec, daughter Duceau asserts that the charter is a hollow guarantee. Unlike Quebec's agenda, who have a long tradition of controlling their own schools, he notes that francophones outside Quebec often have to send their children to French immersion classes in English schools. The schoolyard, says Duceau, then becomes



"a marvelous assimilation tool."

The precarious state of education rights illustrates the benefits of an unscripted charter, and what happened to women and natives in November proves the case absolutely. The seven spectacles of protestations for women and natives being ditched in the eleven-hour rat race for a deal at any cost was chilling. There sat 11 men, eight of them lawyers, looking the other way as bureaucrats in a back room stripped the charter after the public session was over. Only the resolution of the disparity and a striking warning of protest from the grassroots, forced the politicians to reverse the rights.

On the one hand, the reversal was a triumph for Clark's through women's network, a hopeful sign that, finally, no members are about to break the grey male hegemony over Canadian public life. For the original rebalancers of the deal, the gains were less than certain. The "existing" aboriginal and native rights were affirmed. But the actual definition of those rights awaits another conference that must take place a year after the constitution is proclaimed. Given the past record of broken deals, it is not clear that the original people can rest on their laurels—especially if oil and gas are contested below.

In theory, the charter could give rise to a whole generation of activists, beating a path to court houses to overturn existing discriminatory laws. Among those that could be challenged are the War Measures Act (for employer detention and loss of freedom of speech) and the Official Secrets Act (for denying open trial by jury). The all-embracing writs of assistance, issued in police with no limits or guidelines added, could run counter to charter protections against unreasonable search and seizure. Evidently obtained evidence may not now be valid in the courts. Equality promises may prevent companies from forcing employees out the door at 65, or car insurance firms from charging male drivers under 25 higher rates than females.

For a country, saturated on quiet respect for all forms of authority, there could be lively times ahead as the fabric of the sleeping beast. When the original Fathers of Confederation—agony, as mothers—landed in Charlottetown in 1864, they gave so thought to mass involvement of citizens in constitutional making. In fact the unusual level of enthusiasm at decade 111's September day had nothing to do with nationalism and everything to do with the arrival of the first census on Prince Edward Island in 1820. It only took 154 years to get the constitutional Boreen and Bailey act back on the tracks—whereas, and wherefore, and was obvious, if it please me, land, in all, it has been a great Canadian triumph over adversity, geography and age—61 times, even over common sense.

With Joe Clark and Carol Brannan.

Conscience and the Gang of 24

When he voted against his own party's constitution last week, Louis Duceau warned that Quebecers "have lost this war through apathy." Then, he declared that "Quebecers are so bored with all these talks about the constitution that they are ready to let us do whatever we feel like doing." Whether Quebecers have seen it that way, Duceau was clearly right about one thing. After a year of wrangling, no one wanted the constitution debate to drag on. As the final speeches were made on the night before the historic Dec. 2 vote, fewer than 60 members could be counted during the midnight riotous. To the very end, the Commons was little more than a sidebar of skirmishes in the bitter federal-provincial war. And to the end, rights were sacrificed to mere political goals.

If anyone was stung by harsh compromises it was former Liberal minister Warren Allmand. Amid the joy on the Liberal benches in the victory were seated, Allmand sat grim and erect. Then he voted against a constitution that he said "betrayed" Quebec. Anglophones. Merely. Anglophone education rights in Quebec come out of fact only with the consent of the Quebec assembly, while minority rights outside the province take effect "immediately." "This type of discriminatory clause comes about at a time when the signs of the people of my province are being taken down," Allmand told the House, "when their social, educational and business institutions are under attack, when they are being squeezed."

Other Quebec Liberals were sympathetic, but they voted for the package out of political considerations not generally associated with a charter of rights and freedoms. Finding safety in numbers, 11 Montreal-area Liberals (including Energy Minister Marc Lalonde) worked openly that Allmand's proposals would provide "necessary amendments to the separatist movement at this time."

For a while, Joe Clark, a minority for others. An after-dinner Maurice Duceau entered the Commons clutching a bag of dry ice to his chest. Discharged temporarily from hospital after open-heart surgery, the southern Ontario Liberal badly wanted to vote, but he had to move carefully to prevent his stitches from tearing.

On the Tory side of the chamber, Fred McEwen's move was abrupt. "I had other things to attend to and I attended to them," said the New Brunswick member, declining to elaborate. McEwen says he would probably have voted against the resolution. He and other potential dissident Tories had their ears bent and their arms tensed by Joe Clark and other senior Conservatives in the days leading up to the vote. If you can't vote for it, don't vote at all, Clark told a meeting of the Tory caucus. It is one measure of Clark's troubled nature as a leader that 17 of his MPs chose to ignore him and add their

grum "No" votes to those of five Liberals and two New Democrats.

Of the 37 Tory dissenters, nine chose to wait in the back corners of the Commons instead of voting for one of Clark's own amendments to the patriation package. That proposal—which would have allowed a province to amend its constitution if it chose to opt out of any future amendment that added to federal authority—was blocked anyway by Pierre Trudeau's unbridled opposition. But that and similar efforts by Clark in response to Lévesque's criticisms and entire Quebec back into the federal fold were viewed as unnecessary agreement by dissidents of the Tory right wing. In that, they were probably as close as they could get to the view of the Liberal leadership. For his part, Clark merely sought an

opening from Lévesque—and got none. "He wanted him to be obliged to address the issues of substance rather than just shoot slogans," explained René O'Connell, Clark's constitutional adviser.

Dissent is all three parties to the resolution itself focused many concerns such as property rights and the rights of the fetus. "I believe the authors are part of the human family and they are entitled from the charter of rights," announced Garret Bloomfield, who, with fellow Liberal Stan Hudeib, broke party ranks because the charter did not ban abortion. Attorney Rob Ogle, a Roman Catholic priest, abstained "as a silent protest" over the same issue. "Someone has to speak for the vociferous," Ogle argued—somewhat monotonously. Doug Roche of Edmonton, one of the most thoughtful Tories, also voted the right-to-life line.

Among those voting "Yes," the most visible juggler was the obscure Alberta Tory who started it all. An outcast in his party, Bill Yorko voted up to vote for the resolution—and the Liberal and star benches broke into applause. His Tory caucus stayed silent. It was Yorko's meek 18 months ago to initiate the constitution as an amendment to the existing 18 promises that so surprised the three parties they gave it the rare unanimous approval required to make it an order to the government. The loose wording later came back to haunt Clark as the Liberals tried to shove their package through with the support of only two provinces. An emotional and unpredictable man, Yorko is not a party favorite. He tried to speak during the final debate but was snuffed out when he refused to support Clark's proposed amendment on fiscal compensation.

The Tories will probably try to get rid of Yorko before the next election. But last week, with applause ringing from his opponents' benches only, he clasped his hands over his head and groined from ear to ear. He had won the constitution he had wanted. Time would tell whether it was the best he could have needed.

—IAN ANDERSON



Amidst the signs of the people of my province are being taken down!

Off to London to see the Queen

Previously one week after the Commons voted to patriate the constitution, the Honourable Joseph-Jaques Jean Chrétien of Shawinigan, Que., an electrician's son, had an appointment at Buckingham Palace with Elizabeth Alexandra Mary Windsor, daughter of the late King George VI. It was not a visit (in just a rural lawyer) Chrétien to brief the Queen on the contents of a leather-bound package of parchment tied with a green silk ribbon. That was Canada's constitution resolution. True to the spirit of British democracy, the justice minister would arrive at the palace only after Ronald Butler, secretary to Gov. Gen. Sir John Stirling, had handed the "package of advice" to the Queen's private secretary, Sir Philip Mordaunt.

In Ottawa corridors rendered by the Canadian government's best calligrapher, Lee Ames of the department of supply and services, her "Most Excellent Majesty" is asked that she "graciously be pleased to cause to be laid before the Parliament of the United Kingdom" the document that would end all legal authority that Britain holds over Canada. The Queen would then forward it to Prime Minister Margaret Thatcher for what should be a smooth passage through the British Commons and Lords to mid-February. Chrétien was also expected to ask the Queen to come to Ottawa and personally sign into Canadian law the new constitution and charter of rights. With him would be two of his senior officials—and his wife, Aline, who always last week. It will be very nice to see the Queen again.

When Chrétien last journeyed to London, in March, he was told emphatically that it might be better if he did not return with the resolution. That was at the height of the battle of the beige, when obscure British MPs and lords were growing fit on expensive champagne for the day after the resolution was passed. The Thatcher government informed Ottawa that sending a senior minister would be like waving a red flag at British MPs, who were being told by Pierre Trudeau to "hold their noses," pass the resolution, and stop meddling in Canadian affairs.

"The symbolism is appropriate to now," suggests a Chrétien adviser who will travel in the British. Provincial objections—Quebec aside—have dissipated since the Nov. 5 accord, and along with them has disappeared any organized defense of provincial rights by British backbenchers. Quebec has kept up its lobbying, to little noticeable effect. Some British MPs may find themselves sympathetic to arguments by various Indian leaders that their rights have been overlooked. But together these dissenters amount to only a handful among the 625 British MPs.

After his press-souper routine bombed in London last spring, Chrétien is probably more relaxed (than the British by the turn of events). It was Chrétien who would have had to lead Ottawa's final lobbying effort in London. It was Chrétien, too, who would have found the essence the most humiliating. "The idea of Canadians writing and signing Lord Reid's—so because two centuries ago his family had a lot of money?" he snarled in an interview with *Maclean's* a day after the accord was signed. "For a democrat, it's not the best thing in the world."

While Trudeau still held out some hope last week for a pre-Christmas patriation, the British are in no mood to hold their noses and rush now. "We have told them [Canadian officials] that 25 times," snarled Sir Francis Pym, Thatcher's House leader, who is responsible for getting the resolution through Westminster. Some thirty common calls for final reading of the resolution before Christmas, with the third and final vote delayed until mid-February. That timing would satisfy the contents of Thatcher's traditionalists, who refuse to have Westminster used as a rubber stamp. Some senior strategists still hold out hope for proclamation in London on Feb. 15, the same day the red Maple Leaf became Canada's official flag in 1962. That date could also serve as the scene for the long-sought Canadian mid-winter holiday.

In a lasting irony, the British North America Act will actually remain on the British statute books, a by-product of the aggressive strategy Trudeau devised to eject the hand of the princess. He knew he would not get consent from the premiers to touch his charter of rights in Canada. Therefore he could not proceed as he had feebly planned to do in 1981—proclaiming a new constitution in Canada at the same time British retained the old. But the Trudeau chase to end-run the princess and have Westminster make the addendum on Ottawa's request alone, five patriate the new and larger package. But the MPs. Act could not then be repeated. Parts of it would be copied into the new constitutional package, but the British statute would remain intact, in legal limbo.

While the great Trudeau negotiations package were rearranged in the Nov. 5 accord, the procedure remains the same. Even after proclamation in Canada, the two official copies of the yellowed British statute, bound with a faded red ribbon, will remain in British archives, gathering dust for eternity. The last vestige of Canada's colonial past will remain intact—as obscure historical curiosity.

—IAN ANDERSON



Author: *Do not outsize that would end all legal authority by Britain*

The grand finale without a farewell

It began in the after-hours bars and restaurants after the Commons passed the constitutional package—as liberal political aides and imaginative reporters gathered. As usual, they snatched tales about his future. As usual, Pierre Trudeau was home working on cabinet business. By the time the prime minister arrived at two flights of stairs to his office minutes after 9 p.m. the next day, the rumor had taken on the air of the inevitable. His entire staff would be called to an extraordinary meeting at 3 p.m., just after he announced his retirement in the House. He would move to New York to replace United Nations Secretary General Kurt Waldheim. With the constitution passed, the Trudeau era would be over.

Trudeau just about fell on the floor giggling when the *scottish* was reported to him at his routine daily briefing

sorted, "He doesn't want to buy the house because the house is called *Cumt*, and he wants to break it down, not buy it."

At week's end, Trudeau once again refused to hold up the patriation package while the courts ruled on whether Quebec can veto the plan. In a curt letter to Lévesque, Trudeau reminded the premier that he "has addressed a veto for Quebec" last April when Quebec joined the Gang of Eight: premiers opposing Trudeau's package. That move, Trudeau lectured, was "abhorrent and, indeed, irresponsible."

The battle for hearts and minds, speculates one Trudeau aide, could keep the PM in office for at least five or six months—sufficiently enough time for leaders to build their campaigns against each other who is most likely to succeed, and in the last favored by Trudeau Toronto lawyer and former finance minister John Turner.

In a playful way, Trudeau even allowed last week that he might just stick around to fight another federal campaign. "I am not anxious. But sometimes you can't resist a draft, can you?" he deadpanned.

Nobody, even on the inside, knows for sure. On the outside, there are only the observable loss-takings of endless instructions and signs of mass departures to come.

Staff chief Jim Coates has already gone off to start nibbling out a niche in Turner's left in the party. Press Secretary Pat Gossage shortly will be Washington-bound as media man for new Ambassador Allan Rock. Long-serving legislative aide Roger Fairbairn may be appointed to the Senate. Cabinet Secretary Michael Pitfield will likely move to a less sensitive post in the manurehouse. If Pitfield does move, Trudeau's resignation would probably follow promptly.

The man himself once said that he wanted to be out of public life when his eldest son turned 16—and Justin will do that on Dec. 25. The public already knows that Trudeau seems to have about his head.

In attempting to make amends for perceived slights to British Columbia, the PM extended the criticism last week when he declared, "Canadians themselves don't know their country." As for people out west not liking him, Trudeau snarled angrily. "There are such equitable, sensitive people that maybe they don't like me as much as I like them," he growled, promising punishment. Maybe they need someone really refined, like they had under Mr. Clark, who could get a bit closer to their made of life."

The last flash from the going party, however, has Justin Trudeau telling school children that he will not be moving to Montreal until the 1982-83 year. Besides, having already set aside retirement thoughts, Trudeau was already in 1978, Trudeau may not now be ready to go with the future of his province still unsettled. The PM has plans for an official—and warm dinner—visit to Mexico scheduled in January. Beyond that, there is the continuing struggle with Lévesque which he seems to relish. Trudeau may even find that next year's economic summit in France is irremissible. The venue naturally will be a stage to which he has never returned.—TOMMY LORR



Trudeau: *You not anxious. But sometimes you can't resist a draft can you?*

With a press conference set for the afternoon, the PM decided on some adversarial sport. Trudeau arrived, ambushed editorially, carrying his own briefcase, a show, made his first move from the remnants of office furnishings. He solemnly pulled out a piece of paper and deadpanned. "The question of retirement is in the air, and I have a statement to make." The reportorial jabs were soon at an end, however, as Trudeau announced a grant for a New Brunswick pulp organization.

Leaving office, actually, was the last thing Trudeau had on his mind. "It's not going to get himself out of a position where he can influence events in Quebec," notes an adviser. In fact, Trudeau aims for an election in Quebec and he looks for René Lévesque's defeat. He continues to guard Lévesque last week on the eve of the Parti Québécois convention. "You can bet your bottom dollar that, no matter how extensive the PQ efforts will be, the one thing they won't ask for is an election now," he proclaimed.

New word Trudeau held off on the patriation package until Quebec challenges it in the courts. "It is no longer a matter of law," said Trudeau. "It is a matter of politics. We are proceeding to London." As for Lévesque's chance to replace English Canada has swayed an old deal, Trudeau re-

PHOTOGRAPH BY [unreadable]

Closing the door on René Lévesque

Provincial flags flew at half-staff over government buildings throughout Quebec last week, ostensibly to mark constitutional defeat at the hands of English Canada. It was a sad glimpse of Premier René Lévesque and his governing Parti Québécois in their attempt to save them after the debacle that caused the province to lose its traditionally recognized right of self-government. Unconstitutionally, the federal flag also marked the death of two principles central to PQ policy: "Sovereignty-association" and the strategy of *détachement*, or gradualism. Celebrating in the May, 1980, referendum, they had, spirit of leading Quebec step-by-step to statehood, led the province and the party down the golden path.

Another dramatic loss of the movement was that of Claude Ryan, an effective leader of the opposition Liberal party. Just as Prime Minister Pierre Trudeau's constitutional success stole the smoke from the pipe dreams of sovereignty-statehood, it reduced Ryan's own ambitious design for constitutional reform to irrelevance. Canada's constitutional resolution leaves Quebec weaker than it was before the referendum (just when both Lévesque and Ryan perceived the outcome would be a more powerful province).

Friday night in a giant Montreal sports complex, more than 2,000 of the PQ's most ardent supporters began a three-day constitutional convention. It was apparent from Lévesque's opening speech and the courtesy of the delegates that the party is suffering its worst crisis since its founding 18 years ago. Lévesque blamed English Canada for Quebec's constitutional humiliation but, because it was the French-speaking Quebecers Trudeau and Justice Minister Jean Chrétien who commanded the federal negotiating side, he resorted to the old trick of blaming the king's advisers. The real villain was "an anglophone media elite" whose objective was "the gentle genocide" of Quebecers.

Earlier the same day, Trudeau and 41 other Liberal MPs from Quebec were designated as "traitors" in a full-page newspaper advertisement placed by the Montreal Saint-Jean Baptiste Society, an organization of right-wing ultra-nationalists with traditions owed to Quebec's fascist movements of the 1930s. Saturday, Le Devoir Publisher Jean-Louis Roy printed a front-page apology for the ad, which he described as "an insult to violence."

Nonetheless, Trudeau managed to accuse Lévesque himself of betraying Quebec in his "aberrant and, indeed, irresponsible" erosion of Quebec's constitutional veto during bargaining with the other provinces last spring. Trudeau's letter to Lévesque Friday, according to the *Montreal Star*, said the premier had offered to surrender the veto only in exchange for the right to opt out of new federal programs with full fiscal compensation—something he did not get. Trudeau's admission was also accompanied with his claim that Quebec has not been isolated because he and his Quebec Liberals in Ottawa are legitimate representatives of the province. He, even more than Lévesque, was in a position to insist that Quebec's veto

be conserved in the constitution.

Diplomatically absent from the PQ convention was the father of the referendum strategy, Inter-governmental Affairs Minister Claude Morin, attending a conference in Gatineau. His absence made it easier for the delegates to bury his appeals and argue that the next provincial election—still up to four years away—be fought squarely on the issue of Quebec sovereignty. But Lévesque was there to witness the enthusiasm of his own cherished child, the ascendant of Quebec simultaneously negotiating its independence from, and a reuniting economic association with, the remainder of Canada. His inability to begin a simple constitutional renewal underlined the promise of sovereignty-association. Accepting the inevitable, Lévesque told a cautious news conference convened for English-speaking reporters, "The basic

idea of association is going to remain, as an offer, but not as a sort of hypocritical marriage as we had it before." He gave no such explanation in his French-language speech to delegates, the only chance French-language reporters had to quote him freely. The news conference, convened officials explained, was called to provide radio clips for English radio reporters. Whatever the reason, the scheduling of a news conference in which only English-speaking reporters were invited during a Parti Québécois convention indicated serious internal disunity which could not be masked by old-party-style coyness. The convention theme song which was blasted through loudspeakers whenever a flock of ambassadors was resisted.

Party militants were also frustrated by the government's reaction on a series of scandals, each of them worse than any that plagued and finally ended the downfall of former premier Robert Bourassa's Liberal government in 1976. Accusations of bribery and nepotism involving the Quebec Housing Corp., corruption in the organization of Fête Nationale celebrations and charges that national assembly video equipment was used to make pornographic movies have dented the PQ's reputation.

Lévesque's best political asset these days is the even worse news within the Liberal opposition. Leader Ryan is increasingly the object of open disdain by his cousin, Premier minister Lou Haug, for example, recently called a friend in the federal cabinet to say that Trudeau was the "most wicked" man in the cabinet. Ryan loyalists have been reduced to a handful, his personal staff is incriminated and he is without the grace necessary to mend broken political fences. Preferring his resignation date has become the favorite game of his own party, pitting for Ryan's return. Quebec is clearly having an interim of political transition, with the end of French power in Ottawa anticipated for whenever Trudeau respects his 1980 campaign promise to resign before the next election, the dilemma is discharge of sovereignty-association and the bankruptcy of Claude Ryan's Liberal leadership. The hundreds of flags at half-staff were appropriate to a mass funeral of old theories and expired personalities.

—DAVID THOMAS

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Mr. MacEachen's stressful consequences

It is hard pain, perhaps, but let it be said that Finance Minister Allan Rock's decision to at least stay to present his own resignation. Just as he forecast in his Nov. 12 budget, the economy is slipping from bad to worse. While the minister was in Scotland celebrating St. Andrew's Day last week, Statistics Canada reported that in the three months ending Sept. 30 the real value of the core tank rose per cent from the preceding quarter. There was little doubt that by year's end Canada could put together two consecutive no-growth quarters, meeting the official definition of a recession.

Excluding the high volume of unsold inventories filling up factory lots and showrooms, third-quarter output actually fell 1.6 per cent—the worst contraction since 1933, the agency says. It ascribed this "sudden buckling" of the economy partly to the high interest rates that are strangling spending.

Other figures forecasted a net outcome for the current quarter. Seasonally adjusted unemployment slipped to 8.2 per cent in November from 8.3 in October—but only because 50,000 people gave up looking for work and left the labor force.

Even the good news was bad: a jump in October merchandise trade surplus was caused by the fall in imports that normally signals the slack demand of a recession, and the Bank of Canada virtually stopped a three-month slide in its trend-setting bank rate by pegging it at 15.75 per cent last week. Despite signs of domestic distress, the central bank was again responding to U.S. rates.

Observing the economic troubles from his headquarters at the Bank of Canada, Governor Gerald Bovey displayed his customary sagacity. During the painful coexistence of high inflation and falling growth, he has told a Montreal audience that "the '80s are unfat-

fully typical of the way that market economies respond in the first instance to the shattering pace of total spending."

Bovey is convinced the economy has entered a crucial phase which might determine the success or failure of his vision and the government's policies. His hope is that industry and labor will start cutting prices and wage demands. The alternative is for big business and big unions to muscle themselves along with inflation, bid high prices and wages risk slower sales and layoffs.

MacEachen, meanwhile, is enduring the hardest assault on a budget since the tax overhaul attempt by Edgar Benson in 1971. Weighing heavily against the \$130 billion-related letters he sent in his office last month was a lobbying campaign by the resource industry. The companies oppose the taxes MacEachen plans to impose against movements building up in left politics.

At night, the tougher tax treatment of income-earning annuities and the elimination of interest deductions for loans taken out to buy registered retirement savings plans. The industry, naturally, is worried about losing business. Liberal back-slasher Peter Lang says the companies have told him the budget measures would cost 20,000 lost interest jobs.

A lobby has also developed against the proposal to limit the amount of interest payments that investors may deduct from their incomes to reduce their taxes. Present law permits such deductions even when taxes on the investment income are deferred, and the finance department concedes that a loophole that should be closed. It is used mostly by the

armament against the bankruptcies to create jobs by stimulating growth. "People need resources that public policy is capable of staying the anti-inflation course," he said.

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risk, especially those who can arrange to pay few or no income taxes that critics complain that closing this provision will stop the flow of venture capital.

After a meeting with worried MPs from his own caucus, MacEachen said he is considering changes of timing and technicalities, but not the general thrust of the budget. Ultimately, he will have to decide if his proposed measures will damage economic growth, or whether the lobby is right and that the wealthy wringing their greed in the national interest. —JOHN HAY



The roll at Uranium City, Bovey and MacEachen: a sudden bucking

MANITOBA

Pawley's pint-sized cabinet

When Premier Howard Pawley's 12-member cabinet was sworn in by a beaming Lt. Gov. Paul McGonigal last week, there were muted swears of another kind in the background. The complaints came from 21 NDP MLAs who were left out in the cold. Three of the group—namely Churchill, Wabigoon and former Schreyer ministers Russell Doern and Al McKinnon—did not even bother to show up for the red-carpet affair.

A desperately disappointed Doern admitted that he found the logic of the inclusion and exclusion baffling—a point many others agreed with, though for different reasons. Pawley was quick to assure the backbenchers that his tiny cabinet is temporary and may be expanded to 20 within six months. "Depending who is inside over the past 19 days has been the toughest period of my life," he said. He noted that it was Saskatchewan Premier Allan Blakeney who suggested he begin with 12—as an example set by Manitoba's previous NDP premier, Ed Schreyer. Pawley, in fact, was the 13th and last minister named in that Schreyer cabinet—but the number could still prove unlucky for the premier.

The new team includes five ex-Schreyer ministers, four MLAs with previous legislative experience and four rookies. Among them were two women (who won the loudest applause from the 200 anti-aiders) Marlene Hemphill, a nurse and former school trustee, became education minister, while left-winger Marcel Smith, a graduate school fellow with no economic background, became minister for economic development—an appointment that will not wash well amidst the murmur in the Manitoba Club Related Premier, a one-time member of the Communist party, becomes the new attorney general and will need special care in his new post in the United States because of his political past.

Pawley's select handful of appointees may find that their main problem now will be oversight. Among the most heavily handed ministers is Eugene Kuylenstierna, 38-year-old union activist and rookie MLA who has to wrestle with cultural affairs, consumer and corporate affairs, and housing. Jay Cusack, Chicago-born economist and photographer, will have to deal with both northern affairs and the environment, while the Schreyer lawyer and former minister has been designated to manage franchise and the civil service constitution.

Wilson Parvank, a 38-year-old Rhodes Scholar and political scientist, may have the heaviest load of all. He was named to administer energy and mines, the Manitoba Development Corp., Manitoba Hydro and the Manitoba Telephone System. Meanwhile, Larry Desjardins, a genial, overweight former undertaker who, as Schreyer's health minister, used to carry around a water-sucking tape to ease up his phlegmatic nature, now must cope with health, lotteries, fitness, recreation and sport.

Though Pawley promised that if he was there would be no untoward bloodbaths (ex-premier Sterling Lyon had fired three deputy ministers before even being sworn in and later pegged the "rat's nest" of hundreds of civil servants), last week there was a distinct sound of timbers falling through the corridors of power. The first head to fall was that of Derek Bodin, 60, former secretary to John Diefenbaker, clerk to

the Manitoba cabinet, and a 33-year veteran of the Duff Roblin, Walter Wray, Schreyer and Lyon regimes.

Pawley suggested Bodin of being a Tory in civil servant's clothing and he replaced him with Michael Deane, 38, who was once Ed Broadbent's executive assistant. Pawley has also suggested it must be a good thing if the chairman of Manitoba, Hydro, Kiro Kristjansson, packed his bags. But Kristjansson—seen as a Tory loyalist and as a supporter of Lyon's attempts to discredit former NDP Hydro policies—says he still has half of a three-year contract to run and plans to stay put. Said Pawley of such reluctant resigners: "If they don't go, there are obviously other actions we can take in all or most cases."

There is quaking in other quarters as well. Pawley has promised quick action on rent controls, on forbidding corporations to buy farmland, on tightening labor laws, on cracking down on pollu-

Manitoba's new cabinet (left to right): Hemphill, Eric Evans (natural resources), Desjardins, Pawley, Peter Adam (municipal affairs), Schweitzer, Bill Smith (agriculture), Sam Giffin (government services), Smith (education), Francis, Proulx, Kuylenstierna, Cusack and in the background, muted swears of another kind



Pawley: three others don't show up

ers, and on reorganizing the beleaguered projects of Lyon. The premier has already told Adam that it can forget about the promised post ownership in a Manitoba Hydro generating station. Other giant ventures to be reviewed is a \$400-million pulp mill and a \$500-million aluminum smelter.

At the same time, the new government has already set up investigations to find out why Bovey of Canada fired 30 employees who had been on strike trying to organize a first contract. Ministers are also looking into the question of whether top officials of the Workmen's Compensation Board deliberately tried to prevent injured workers with legitimate claims from receiving compensation. If Pawley came to life in a huff, he would just prove to be a lion in sheep's clothing.

—PETER CALVERT-GORRIG

An Armada on Canada's main

A century before their ponderous armadas were sunk by British sailors and North Sea gales in 1588, the Spanish had begun a tradition of sending lumberjacks of fishing boats to the Grand Banks off Newfoundland. Five hundred years later, that ancient fishery is crumbling in acrimony under broadsides such as that fired recently by Canada's minister of fisheries, Claudio Lallière. "It is up to the international community to bring a halt [to the Spanish] plunderers," he declared.

Spain has the world's third-largest

The complaints are focused on a bustling fleet of up to 44 trawlers working the Tail of the Grand Banks—a chunk of the vast undersea plateau that juts outside Canada's 200-mile limit. Canadian conservationists inside the zone has brought some spectacular results to the cod stocks.

But on the Tail, they are not getting a chance to recover, because since again the Spanish have wildly overfished their NAFO quota of 5,000 tonnes—just as the 1980 season's overfishing season—called the Flemish Cap last summer. Or so the Canadians charge. "The world is

But in 1986, Canada notified Spain that no cod surplus could be fished after 1983 and that Spanish fishermen would be limited to a catch of 5,000 tonnes this year, 5,000 next and then no more. The highly annoyed Spanish scorned the ordered quotas and charged that they were being asked to end Canadian waters for political rather than biological and economic reasons. Although Canada has had to cut back on some agreements with other countries, "only the Spanish have confronted us," says Art May, Canada's delegation head at NAFO.

For its part, Spain—having built a major industry around the 200,000 tonnes of cod its fleet was taking annually from the Grand Banks up until 1977, when Canada extended its economic zone to 200 miles—is understandably loath at any and all efforts by other countries to restrict its operation. In fact, the Spaniards have continued fishing the Banks this season despite the NAFO "ban"—which is strictly a symbolic gesture anyway, since Spain is not a member and NAFO has no enforcement arm.

"It looks like the Spanish have made the calculated judgment that the fishery isn't going to last much longer, and they might as well get what they can while the going is good," says May. "They're going to run that Grand Bank stock down until there's nothing left, but it won't kill us. It'll kill them."

—MICHAEL CLUGGON

BRITISH COLUMBIA

Protection for young offenders

In March, 1980, RCMP in Kelowna, B.C., dragged a 16-year-old youth from his job and sent him to court for his fingerprints. At the time, it was a case as much as a crime. Encouraged by a social trend that promotes treating juvenile offenders as adults—and armed with a B.C. attorney general's directive supporting them under the federal Identification Act, the Kelowna RCMP's police routinely fingerprinted youths.

No longer. In a prolonged court battle, the 16-year-old sued the arresting officer and the attorney general for assault—and last week was awarded \$500 in damages. The top of the B.C. Supreme Court Chief Justice, Allan McEachern has ruled that police may no longer fingerprint juveniles without their consent. Says legal services lawyer Jean Lytwyn, who arrived at the Kelowna jail with the youth's arrest for theft of a truck. "The kid didn't want to be fingerprinted." Suspecting



Michael Cluggon: He felt the kid was right

the procedure was illegal, Lytwyn suggested taking the matter to court the morning after the arrest. The police denied, fingerprinted the youth despite Lytwyn's objections, and Lytwyn subsequently turned the case over to Kelowna lawyer Greg McEachern. Said McEachern: "I took the case because I had the feeling the kid was right."

A young identical with a number of juvenile events and a background in environmental law, McEachern said it made him "damned angry" that police would fingerprint a youth before a court hearing. "I'm not worried about using fingerprints to detect crimes. It's only the record-keeping function I'm after. A lot of kids grow up when they're 16 to 18, and most of them straighten out when you treat them all right."

In the nearly two years during which he handled the case, the lawyer wrote to the RCMP demanding an investigation and to the attorney general asking for an apology to his client. With neither was forthcoming, McEachern pursued the issue through the courts.

At stake was a grey area of the law, interpreted differently throughout the country. The forcible taking of fingerprints is legal where suspects are charged with indictable offenses. But juveniles, because of their age, are subject to lesser charges for the same crimes. Canadian law, unlike its U.S. counterpart, allows illegally obtained evidence to be admitted in court. McEachern argued that juvenile offenders must be treated separately and that, under the provisions of the Identification Act, not warrant fingerprinting. "It

makes good sense," he says, "to draw the line and treat those kids as kids."

But when the precedent-setting B.C. Supreme Court decision in the case was handed down, not everyone was as pleased as McEachern. "It's a retrograde step," said Peter Isley, a legal officer for the B.C. attorney general's office. "It will tie the hands of the police. This decision has, in effect, shot down fingerprinting." And, in fact, soon after the ruling the attorney general's office changed directives, if not directions. Advising that police officers may now

be used for juvenile fingerprinting, the attorney general's office recommended that the practice "be terminated."

Although controversy surrounds the issue now (and the attorney general's office announced late last week that an appeal will be launched), the problem may finally be straightened out sometime next year when Parliament amends the new Young Offenders Act. That act would prohibit juvenile fingerprints to be taken. But police would have to destroy the files if the youth were acquitted or if proceedings against him were discontinued.

—JOHN FAUSTMAN



Albion including Spanish fleet on the Banks—not serious—diverting

fishing fleet and a reputation for cheating on its quotas of haddock, or cod fish. For years Canadian officials have complained that Spain's reputation for cheating international efforts to conserve and rebuild depleted cod stocks. But this year the dispute came to a head with accusations that have led to a breakdown in regular fishery talks. The Northwest Atlantic Fisheries Organization (NAFO) joined the fray by urging the Spanish fleet to stop its fishing for the 1980 season in June and by denying Spain any quota for 1982. Spain retaliated by obstructing Canadian fish exports to that country in September, which was when Lallière fired off his broadsides.

not serious, it's devastating," says Dan Albion, a fishery official in Halifax. "And the size of the number of fish that the Spanish fishermen rely on in Newfoundland. If it's devastated offshore, what's left for us?"

But the Spaniards, who have repeatedly denied exceeding their quotas, are crying foul. "We're being made the bad boys of the whole story, and it's very unfair," says Andres Collado, first secretary of Spain's embassy in Ottawa. Their bitterness at the accusations of overfishing is fuelled by a sense of betrayal over a 1978 agreement under which Canada agreed to let Spain fish inside its 200-mile zone if its supplies of cod was left behind by the Canadian fleet.

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Poland moves to the brink



After the siege troops guard the gates of the school; paratroopers (below) moved their attack. The crisis continues

By Sue Masterman

From a distance, the scene seemed like Christmas cards strung out over the snow-flecked Warsaw suburb. The notes were, however, from patriotic songs, blaring from loudspeakers posted precariously on the window sills of the black First Brigade Cadets' College. The noise blared out over the heads of more than 1,000 riot police ringing the building and crowds who had braved the biting cold to show support for the 330 cadets working off-its.

Within minutes, the noise stopped. The riot squad moved in, banded the students into buses and drove them away. The scene was not far from what, at week's end, seemed a possible showdown between Poland's Solidarity trade union and the government of Prime Minister Wojciech Jaruzelski. On the one hand, the government was threatening to institute measures that are dangerously close to

martial law. On the other, the union, after a heated emergency debate in the snow-bowed provincial city of Rudnik, was all but committed to a national 24-hour strike if the legislation passed—and to an indefinite general strike if it is implemented.

The crisis that led up to the confrontation began just over a week earlier, with the cadets' act-in. Warsaw has one of only four fire brigade cadet colleges in the world designed to train future officers in the equivalent of a university course. But the cadets said they wanted

to be civil engineers, not military officers. "We want to fight fire, not train water cannons at people," said one. And they demanded that control over the college pass from the ministry of the interior to the ministry of higher education.

An negotiations continued, the crowds grew—and so did the police presence. Then the college authorities announced that the material was being closed and ordered the cadets to leave the building or take the consequences. The crisis came to a head last

Wednesday, as Solidarity leader Lech Walesa prepared for a final attempt to solve the dispute along the bourgeois table.

At the union's Warsaw headquarters, the phones and Telex machines were suddenly cut off. It was not long, however, that more messengers brought the news: an armed car had smashed the college gates, and, at an unannounced command, para-military police reinforcements who had



been gathering all morning jogged, four abreast and machine-guns at the ready, into the yard. At the same time helicopter-borne paratroopers straddled down through a roof door into the building.

The students, discussing tactics with Solidarity advisers in the sub-basement cell, were taken by surprise. They had already agreed there would be no resistance, however, and they allowed themselves to be lined up and marched, immaculate in their navy-style uniforms and spotless white gloves, to the waiting buses. The union advisers, including Warsaw branch deputy leader Jozefina Jazdzisz, a Soviet Catholic intellectual who wears a crucifix in his buttonhole, were bundled into emergency police vans and held for 36 hours.

In breaking up the sit-in, Jaruzelski had clearly acted to demonstrate to Solidarity that he is prepared to get tough if necessary. And it was probably no coincidence that Poland's Warsaw Pact partners were holding ministerial meetings in Moscow and Bucharest at the time. Moreover, Jaruzelski was strictly within his rights. The cadets form part of the security services and are therefore forbidden to strike.

But the union reaction was swift. Strike alerts were sent to the country's four main industrial centers, and an emergency executive committee meeting was convened. After 24 hours he brief closed doors at a local theatre, the union leaders emerged with their ultimatum. A confrontation is not certain, however. Jaruzelski may decide not to take the emergency call—which would suspect the right to strike, ban public meetings and restrict freedoms of movement—as scheduled on Dec. 13. For its part, the union may decide not to take the necessary step of forcing its ultimatum through by its national commission in Gdansk next week. But in the lingering bitterness of the fire brigade incident, no one was overly optimistic about the outcome.

Sakharov's torment

Apparently calculating that a dead dissident could cause more trouble than a live one, the Kremlin intervened last week to cut short the Russian strike of exiled, human rights activist Andrei Sakharov and his wife, Yelena Bonner. On Friday, the 33rd day of their fast, the two dissidents were hauled from their Gorky apartment to a hospital for "medical assistance"—a euphemism for forcible feeding. Soviet authorities say doctors hoped that their action would put an end to Sakharov's troublesome crusade to obtain an end visa for 36-year-old Yelena.

INDIA

The darkening clouds of war



Gender with gridding from Moscow?

For Prime Minister Indira Gandhi it was a familiar—and chilling—theme. Pakistani troops, she told the Indian Parliament, had opened fire on Indian positions no less than 50 times in three months. In addition there had been "two minor intrusions" by Pakistani soldiers across the January 19th ceasefire line into the Indian-held sector of Kashmir. For their part, the Pakistanis see the situation in reverse. India, they contend, is the consistent aggressor. It is not only Gen Zia ul-Haq's regime that says so. Diplomats and members of the UN observer force last week reported a worsening of tensions, with shooting incidents—usually originating from India—doubling over the past year to a seven-year high. Although they hint at a little occa-

sionally, war clouds are gathering over the subcontinent. In September, a senior Western diplomat told newsmen there was a strong possibility India would trigger war with Pakistan within the next two years. He said the Reagan administration's decision to provide Pakistan with highly sophisticated F-16 fighter-bombers would be the main reason for resumed hostilities between the two nations which, since independence in 1947, have fought two wars as well as more minor engagements. India, and the diplomat, would likely try to weaken Pakistan substantially before the new arms are delivered.

Other diplomats, military observers and politicians advance different theories. Some say the Soviet Union is encouraging the Indians in the hopes of undermining Zia. The Soviets are said to believe that an elected civilian government would be more sympathetic toward their position in neighboring Afghanistan and to the client Babrak Karmal administration. These observers support their theory by pointing to a disclaimer last year by former Indian premier Morarji Deas that the Soviet case asked him to raise a hope of war with Pakistan. He had refused. Deas said that "I would not be surprised if the Russians are asking [Mrs. Gandhi] to do the same."

Still another prominently held view is that the Indians might be planning to launch a strike against Pakistan's nuclear installations when the country begins producing weapons-grade fissionable material. Pakistan has consistently denied that its nuclear program has anything but peaceful purposes. But there is a strike against Pakistan's nuclear installations when the country begins producing weapons-grade fissionable material. Pakistan has consistently denied that its nuclear program has anything but peaceful purposes. But there is a strike against Pakistan's nuclear installations when the country begins producing weapons-grade fissionable material. Pakistan has consistently denied that its nuclear program has anything but peaceful purposes. But there is a strike against Pakistan's nuclear installations when the country begins producing weapons-grade fissionable material.

As Yelena Bonner refused to recognize her proxy marriage earlier this year to Sakharov's stepson, Alexei Bonnyayev, they have been denying Alexeyev permission to join him in the United States. Sakharov was convinced that the shabby treatment of the young lovers was a result of their relationship with him and he began the fast to bring international pressure to bear on Moscow. In that he succeeded, despite being questioned from the foreign press and last week his keepers' politeness clearly relaxed.

But at week's end, it appeared that Moscow might



have succeeded. For one thing, Sakharov's long-standing association reversed international condemnation—as did the KGB's brief Saturday detention of Alexeyev during which she was told not to visit the dissidents. For another, as the physician's friends pointed out, forcible feeding is a dangerous procedure, especially for a man like Sakharov, with a history of heart trouble. It is also at best only a temporary expedient. As soon as it ceases, the patient is able to resume his fast. And few doubted that that is the course he will take.

—KEITH CHALLERS



See more subcontinental conflict

to, near the capital of Islamabad. Western sources believe it will begin producing weapons-grade uranium within 18 months. In addition, a laboratory-scale program representing a pilot is being completed at Pakistan, at the outskirts of the capital. Western sources say it is expected to be working sometime next year and will be able to produce enough plutonium to make a bomb.

Across the border, India already has passed two quadrants of its latest strike plane, the Anglo-French Jaguar. This is a deep-penetration aircraft, with no defensive role. Its job is to attack an under radar at subsonic speed, making it extremely difficult to detect. Military experts say Pakistan's nuclear facilities would be much, but targets.

Even with the 40 P-15 it has on order, Pakistan will still be massively outclassed and outgunned by India. There is little doubt that the world will see the war and there is no evidence that he wants one. Yet for more than 12 months, Gandhi and his ministers have been warning Indians of the "real lurking danger" to their security. Newspaper articles which seem to be officially sponsored paint Pakistan as a potential aggressor.

The latest burst of war fever has caused diplomats to file fresh assessments of the prospects of hostilities. Said one: "The conclusion we reached was that Mrs. Gandhi doesn't have an actual blueprint for war. But she does say that war might be necessary over the next year or so." Gandhi, he added, was preparing the ground so that after the first strike she could point to the remark and say: "I told you so. It's Pakistan's fault." That is a strategy that Pakistan will find extremely difficult to counter in the months ahead.

—PETER NICHOLS

BONDIERS

A vote the generals may veto

The Honduran press called it "election fever." For weeks the airwaves were crisscrossing with campaign messages, while pickup trucks packed with party activists roared through the country waving the red flag of the Liberal Party or the flag of the Nationals. And when Liberal candidate Roberto Suazo Cordova scored his landslide victory last week without any sign of impending coups or manifest vulnerability, there was a national sigh of relief. That had been the hallmark of the Honduran electoral process in the past. If Suazo manages to complete his four-year term of office without being assailed by a military coup, he will be the first president to do so since 1918. There were predictable difficulties in leading free elections in a country with

so many factions around us," wondered one troubled citizen, "how can Honduras fail to catch fire?"

It was particularly fitting that domestic corruption and international communism were virtually the only issues of the campaign. Both are direct concerns of the military, which must agree to cede the real power in the country. The regime of Gen. Policarpo Paz Garmia has been so wracked by corruption, meeting for narcotics trafficking to arms-dealing, that even the conservative private sector pressed for a change. "Over the last 20 years we've been having military government in and out due to the fact that the civilians were not able to control their subalterns," explained industrialist Rodolfo Pastor, head of the powerful Honduran Bus-



Strapping the pluck on voting day, a national sigh of relief

ness interests, rate of nearly 60 per cent. Many used according to family ties for one of the two major parties, which date back to the last century. In most reaches of the countryside, peasants pledged their votes to the "omb" or the "lady" with little awareness of who the candidates were or what they stood for. That worked to the advantage of minority parties, such as the Christian Democrats. The party's disgruntled candidates complained that "this solar campaign is like having a red cape in front of a bull." Yet the turnout—72 million in a country of 3.5 million, roughly 90 per cent of the electorate—was itself a statement of faith in the electoral process.

It was also a last-ditch effort to avert the real strife that has torn apart the surrounding countries. Honduras, the second poorest country in the hemisphere—after Haiti—shares its frontiers with El Salvador, Guatemala and Nicaragua. "With all of Central Amer-

ican's Council. "But they have failed in every way. Not all of the military are bad. But there has been some dishonesty among them, as the whole country has been using them to target."

Besides the economic toll taken by corruption and mismanagement, Honduras, like the other poor Central American republics, is experiencing a flight of capital. Last year alone, it lost more than 50 per cent of its foreign reserves. By last month the reserves had plummeted to a scant \$13 million. At the same time, the country is partly dependent on U.S. economic aid, which is expected to approach \$60 million this year, and it is likely to remain trapped in an exclusively agro-export economy for years.

But the greatest challenge facing the new civilian government will be to keep it in its power and at peace. Honduras' own guerrilla movement is still a negligible force, but the shock was irre-



Suazo: can Honduras fail to catch fire?

verberating through Central America are having a noticeable effect. Tensions run high along the Nicaraguan border, and the situation is exacerbated by the presence of several thousand national guardsmen of former Nicaraguan dictator Anastasio Somoza. On the southern border, Honduran military officials have alternately ignored, protested and assisted the incursions of Salvadoran troops in pursuit of guerrilla forces.

There are also numerous reports of a military alliance developing among the "northern" countries of Central America: Guatemala, El Salvador and Honduras. Exploratory meetings have taken place between high-ranking officials from the three countries. But an influential source of the Honduran officer corps is still smarting from the effects of the 1982 border war with El Salvador. Nonetheless, the country is undoubtedly in the process of healing up its armed forces, and U.S. military assistance has more than doubled over the past three years.

There is little doubt that the United States holds considerable sway over the Honduran military. The capital, Tegucigalpa, was the staging ground for the CIA-sponsored coup that overthrew the civilian President Jacobo Arbenz in 1964. Honduras' Swan Island was the communications center for the Bay of Pigs invasion. And in 1965 a Honduran contingent was part of the "multilateral" force that overthrew the Dominican Republic. It was under the command of Policarpo Paz Garmia—the man who will step down from the presidency in January.

Indeed, it is the continuity of the military's role, rather than Suazo's election last week, that may be the best indicator of future trends in Honduras.

—ANDREW NICHOLS

SOUTH AFRICA

Pretoria's coup connection

From the start, the coupplot had all the elements of a tragicomedie: a bomb-bombing band of mercenaries bent on overthrowing a tiny, island's government; their legendary leader, whose previous exploits had inspired a Hollywood movie, and, finally, chaos and death in an airport shoot-out. But any air of sensuality in the abortive attempt by "Mad Mike" Hoare and his 40 soldiers of fortune is out. President Albert Bute of the Seychelles quickly vanished last week amid the swooping of international outrage that followed their mild treatment in South Africa.

Arrested after their return to South Africa on a hijacked jet, 39 of them were released without charge, and five more, including Hoare, were freed on bail pending trial for kidnapping. That action shocked observers at home and abroad. Said John Henderson's *Weekend Mail* to let us a diatribe: "What is the government trying to do, was to take the role of Africa's regular elephant?"

The contention was that the nature of the mercenaries' plot called for much more serious measures. Posing as a beer-punching group of South African rugby players, they had flown to the Seychelles for what appeared to be a good-time holiday. But their ruse was uncovered when a suspicious customs official discovered a gun in one of their suitcases. At that, the mercenaries grabbed their weapons and took over the airport. When the Seychelles People's Defense Force counterattacked, Hoare and most of his band—one member was killed—escaped by outmaneuvering an Indian airman.



Paid promises of another attempt



Noone 30 freed airport, five get bail

For Pretoria, the most serious repercussion of its high-handed treatment was the doubt that it cast on its denial of involvement in the coup attempt. Already three claims had fallen on skeptical ears. No one was the plot hatched in South Africa, but the majority of the band were recent victims of special operations units in the Rhodesian and South African armies. And as local observers pointed out, if military intelligence was not actually involved in the operation—a matter that is still undecided—it should at least have caught wind of it.

If the mild treatment was meant to buy the mercenaries' silence, the tactic has so far been successful. On their release, they quietly slipped back into their civilian roles, making news inquiries by asking innocently, "What rump in the Seychelles?" There was one probable party to the plot that was taking, however: A London-based Seychelles dissident group, the Movement pour la Renaissance, promptly claimed responsibility.

Still, that did not explain who provided the financial backing, and in that regard there was some speculation about possible ties between Pretoria and exiled former president James Mancham. Overthrown in the 1977 coup that brought Bute to power, Mancham is a longtime friend of the South African. He denied having helped plan the coup attempt, but he did admit making a tape recording for the Movement that was to have been broadcast had the coup succeeded.

At week's end, while Pretoria announced it was reconsidering its position, Paul Choe, a spokesman for the Movement, was vocalist. His group, he declared, would try again to overthrow Bute. If so, one thing seemed certain: it will not include Hoare or his military band of soldiers, whose fortune went awry.

—CAROL MURPHY

Allen under siege

By Michael Posner

Almost magically, the White House office of Richard Allen is being besieged out of the Washington perimeter. First by tantalizing press, allegations of Allen's inappropriateness to surface like a series of rabbits popping alternately from one or the other of his ears. Just when one rabbit has been thoroughly exhibited and put aside, another quickly takes its place, setting off a fresh chorus of speculative whispers about the president's national security adviser and his putative scandal.

This is a town haunted apart in Washington, a town in which the hint of misbehavior dropped at sunset may be sufficient to destroy a public career by dawn. The embattled Allen is singly

Counted past would be politically uncomfortable.

The justice department filing a partial ending to a 26-month long probe—and Allen had been on no federal laws in receiving \$1,000 from two Japanese journalists on Jan. 29. The payment, in gratitude for Allen's help in arranging a brief interview with Nancy Reagan, had been stored in Allen's office safe for eight months before its accidental discovery launched the FBI inquiry.

Allen blamed it all on a lapse of memory. He had intended to turn the \$1,000 bill over to appropriate authorities, he said, and "so the crash of time" had simply forgotten. The FBI apparently accepted this explanation, noting that the transaction had been meant not for Allen but for the First Lady. "There is



Allen with wife, Pat, Mason (bottom left) and Dorothy. Allen a series of rabbits popping alternately from a sieve.

the latest quarry. Although he took "administrative leave" last week to prosecute his own case and was exonerated by the justice department on one charge against him, it is not yet clear that he will survive the cumulative injuries he may sustain in continuing investigations under the prevailing opinion is that the affair has already inflicted so much damage upon the Reagan administration that even if Allen subsequently receives a clean official bill his return to the National Security

no evidence, the department's eight-page report declared, "to indicate Allen intended to keep the money for himself."

In the midst of a whirlwind round of media appearances to defend his job, Allen was naturally delighted with this verdict. But it was not, he knew, the end of the affair. At worst, the FBI was still probing two other aspects of the case. One is Allen's acceptance of two week-long trips worth \$300 from a Japanese friend, the other, the filing of the financial disclosure form from the 1981 sale of his consulting firm.

Allen has said the branches were given to him by Chingka Tsai, the wife of

an old friend, before he was officially sworn in as national security adviser. However, the Japanese journalist who purchased the gifts told Allen taking the second switch after the Nancy Reagan interview—one day after the inauguration. If that was an Allen may have violated either White House standards of conduct or Executive Order 11222. Both limit or prohibit the receipt of gifts.

The conflict of interest implications arising from Allen's financial disclosures form are potentially more explosive. Allen had reported the sale of his company—Palmer International Corp.—as having occurred in January, 1978. In fact, he sold the firm to former Reagan aide Peter Hainford in January, 1981, and, until recently, was still receiving payment.

Not did Allen's disclosure forms clients who had paid him more than \$5,000 in annual consulting fees. The explanation for this omission is that a White House counsel advised him that it was unnecessary to do so, since the fees were paid to his corporation and not to Allen directly.

But Allen has not asked the lawyer who gave him this advice, and the White House—which does not wish to be seen supporting a structure doomed to collapse—has likewise been unable to identify him. Indeed, the distance Ronald Reagan is barely putting between himself and the crumbling shell of Richard Allen's public service career is taken as a symptom of Allen's advancing political legacy.

In addition to the continuing FBI probe and a presumed White House follow-up inquiry, presidential counselor Edwin Meese revealed last week that an internal appraisal of the entire National Security Council operation had been ordered. Meese termed the undertaking a "normal management review," but its timing suggests that it may also be a handy instrument for delivering Allen's ouster by grace. The capital is already buzzing with rumors of his probable successor. Among the leading candidates are Fred Scheriff, national security adviser to the Ford administration, and William Clark, the current deputy secretary of state.

From the beginning of the Allen affair there has been an almost daily outpouring of rumors. Much of it has leaked directly from "senior White House officials." Would Allen ultimately fall, it will be tempting to this self-inflicted wounds. But many Americans may properly wonder whether the origins of his demise lie elsewhere—in the incoherence and bloody chaos of court action and policy decisions. At this, Dick Allen was hardly a keen and accomplished player. But apparently, he was not keen enough. ☐

Tales the dead couldn't tell



Moist on "Cut on a Hot Tin Roof," Naguchi (below) uncovering the forensic facts.

Controversy in Dr. Thomas Naguchi's stock in trade. But last week the flamboyant chief medical examiner of Los Angeles County held a withering blast of criticism that was unusual even by his inflated standards. The attack was delivered by friends and relatives of the late Natalie Wood and her husband, Richard Wagner, who were outraged by Naguchi's interpretation of an autopsy on the 36-year-old star. In Naguchi's extra-medical opinion, a happy Wood had fallen into the Pacific and drowned after fleeing from an alcoholic argument between her husband and fellow-actor Christopher Walken.

Friends of Wood and Wagner ran far from the only people to be upset by Naguchi's pronouncements. In his 30 years with the Los Angeles coroner's office, the past 14 of them as chief, the 36-year-old Japanese-born physician has witnessed scores of murders by uncovering the forensic facts in hundreds of mysterious deaths. It was Naguchi who performed the autopsy on Marilyn Monroe in 1962, showing that she had died of a White House scandal.

On another occasion, Naguchi was summoned to the Los Angeles home of Roman Polanski, whose Sharon Tate and others were murdered by the Manson family. He took on the grisly task of discovering precisely how one member of the "Babysitting Brigade" killed their bodies charred beyond recognition.

tion, died in a blaring 1978 shooting. More recently, it fell to him to examine the badly decomposed body of William Holden, the Hollywood star who had pooled press coverage—how the dead died after a drunken fall, bleeding to death alone in his Santa Monica apartment.

Naguchi is one of the three or four best men in the world. More than 17,000 deaths a year are investigated, and about 20 autopsies a day performed in a city that was with New York and Miami for the title of murder capital of the U.S. The coroner's body interest in death horrifies some, but Naguchi refuses to view the work as one of the world's leading forensic sleuths. He is in the profession for introducing many new techniques to determine the why, when and how of a person's death. One is to peer Wood's mind, a substance of law making post, into a life wound to obtain a precise picture of a murder instrument.

One of his more baffling cases involved a woman found with what initially seemed to be a bullet hole in the head. But no bullet could be found. Then Naguchi, seeing a woman in high heels, dressed like the woman he made. Police returned to the scene and found a blood-stained high-heeled shoe.

A dapper dresser with a taste for bright ties and bold cuff links, the doctor is being divorced from his Japanese-American wife, Hunka, a model, a girl, and some lives were the Madras, a cosmopolitan fashionable location, with singer Lena Horne a close neighbor. Still, he lives mostly for his work. "The job is always with me," he says in his hoarse Japanese-accented voice. "I can't go into a room and pick up a banner without wondering what kind of work it would make as a child."

Naguchi's taste for the limelight sometimes upset local officials. Thirteen years ago he was dismissed from his post on the basis of accusations made by the chief administrative officer, L.S. Hollinger. Hollinger charged that Naguchi had threatened him by saying he would like to perform an autopsy on him while still alive, and would like to see a loaded .38-caliber crash into the International Hotel at Los Angeles in order to gain publicity for his office. However, the allegations were dismissed.

Naguchi agrees that he has a vivid imagination. But he contends that he has to play for serious crimes. That may be so, but it is a slight aside to these, such as Natalie Wood's nearest and dearest, who are themselves an victim of a black-letter conformity.

WILLIAM SCORSE



Niles (left) and Krotzky: no hugging

EUROPE

Getting down to the arms business

The stage had been set with a flurry of dramatic proposals and counterproposals before an international audience. But when negotiations from the United States and the Soviet Union met in Geneva last week to begin talks on limiting nuclear weapons in Europe, the time for serious diplomacy had arrived. Emerging from a protracted 90-minute session with his Soviet counterpart, Yuri Krotzky, the chief American negotiator, Paul Nitze, described the meeting as "honest and businesslike." He also announced, with Soviet agreement, that there would be a Russian negotiator. "We want those talks to succeed," he said.

It was learned, however, that after two sessions—the first in the U.S. Arms Control, Missile, and Appropriately enough, No. 1 Avenue de la Paix, the second in the elegant Villa Igiea in the Soviet diplomatic compound—the negotiators had not yet got down to the haggling. They had simply talked the proposals already made public by their respective heads of government. The first sign of progress—or lack of it—was not expected until Jan. 28, when Secretary of State Alexander Haig is due in Geneva for a title-a-tile with Soviet Foreign Minister Andrei Gromyko.

Tom Gaudin in Geneva.

No time like the future



Mark in his office: If it's paralyzing, it's noncontributing, anybody can do it

By Anthony Whittingham

The money could make a big difference too, but the real investment will come with the radiation—palpable proof to any army of skeptics that the ideas were sound all along and that the hazard remains intact. That is what Peter Mark wants most. It has been nearly four years of overseas litigation since Mark saw his dream of building a resort oasis at the foot of the Egyptian pyramids cancelled abruptly by decree of the late Anwar Sadat. This month, finally, the Panel-based Court of Arbitration of the International Chamber of Commerce will sift through the several thousand pages of testimony in the case of Southern Ponds Properties Ltd. (SPPL) vs. the Arab Republic of Egypt to award compensation somewhere between Egypt's modest offer of \$5 million and Mark's somewhat more grandiose claim of \$60 million.

It is now, nearly 10 years since the collapse of *Clairstone South Corporation Ltd.*—the high-flying Canadian electronics company that propelled Mark to prominence as the wheeler-dealer of his generation, only later to drag him through the mire of misadventures that has troubled him ever since. So many dreams. So many setbacks. Only a drier, clearer judgment in Mark's fevered eye and the nagging doubt and reason the doors that shut that during the darkest hours in Mark's career. In a lifetime of rushing headlong into the future, Mark has ever wrestled with specters from the past.

These days it is a light bright with



Clairstone stared: so many dreams

promise as chairman of *Barrick Investments Ltd.*, an empire controlling assets of \$250 million. Lithe, quick-witted, blue eyes flashing, Mark is now a 56-year-old version of what he always was. The deal-making architect is as alive as ever, the philosophy constant. "What is business all about?" he asks. "It's a game. You like to play it really well and you like to win. You like to put your mind against outside forces and against other people's minds. It's like sailing. You throw yourself against the wind, the waves and the water. Sometimes it's speed, other times accuracy."

After nearly eight years of exile from Canada following the *Clairstone* controversy, Mark's quiet return to Toronto last year went largely unnoticed. He did not come empty-handed & now-quarter partner in *Barrick*, Mark controlled a chain of 54 hotels strung out across

Australia and the South Pacific—a phoenix from the ashes of *Clairstone*.

Last summer, with the aid of the *NYNEX* chain to a group of Singapore investors for \$130 million, Mark began the transition to his third incarnation—owner of two oil and gas companies. *Viking Petroleum Inc.* of Tulsa, Okla., and *Barrick Petroleum Corp.* of Toronto. That and his ongoing bank account of \$60 million to buy a natural evolution. "I'd be bored today fiddling over the details of some electronic component. And I'd be just as bored planning the site of a new hotel or calculating the replacement time of hotel beds and carpets," he declares.

Mark is dazed by the possibilities in oil and gas, calling it "an unparalleled opportunity in our lifetimes for the formation of large pools of capital." The *Hangarun* led him to Canada at 21 now divides his time among the peripatetic pick-a-term: the elegant high-tech office in Toronto's fashionable Yorkville, the country retreat in Caledon and the summer home at "Mark's Island," which pierces the open water amid the white pine and just past of Georgian Bay.

"I love this country so much," he sighs. Yet it is amid this country that Mark knows his third incarnation remains flawed. He yearns to weave his contribution into Canada's fabric, yet his company is nonresident, registered in the Cayman Islands and headquartered in New York. Of his partners, longtime associate David Gilman lives in the Bahamas, while the real muscle behind *Barrick*—the high-rolling *Khashoon* brothers of Saudi Arabia, who control 30 per cent—have little interest in Canada at all.

In spite of several earnest attempts, none of *Barrick's* investments has been made in Canada. Even the Toronto-based oil company operates overseas. And then there is all that cash, passively earning bank interest. "I've sold all these things to myself," Mark laments. "It's paralyzing, it's noncontributing, anybody can do it." He paces, reflecting on the frustration. "I

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was as determined to make my investments in Canada," he says, "but every time you look at the sheer economics of making investments to here—in terms of return, or scope, or potential, you must help that decision to wait in America. Here in our country we have constantly reduced opportunities through government action, a bureaucratic structure that is paid to push people away, not to attract them." Walmsley, he insists, Munk's questioning march is for a more perfect world, while trying to reconcile the future with the past.

The mysterious men of tin

The usually isolate London Metal Exchange was in a flurry. The 38 buyers who customarily sit at a circle making gentlemanly bids were shouting their offers so loudly that officials from the exchange had to be sent to monitor developments. An unnamed mystery buyer, operating through agents, had set off the post-mortem by buying up 40,000 tonnes of tin—30 times the normal daily transaction of the metal. While the screaming was over, the mysterious tin man had garbled a whopping \$1 billion and managed to hoard more than one-quarter of the world's available tin.

The dramatic buying spree late last month only confirmed suspicions that someone is trying to corner the tin market in much the same way that Nelson Bunker Hunt went after silver in 1979. Last week one scenario suggested that Mike Risk, a secretive, high-flying



London Metal Exchange in a flurry

international trading group had approached the Malaysian government and offered to play the market if the government supplied the cash. The company first made its fortune in world oil markets, but in recent years, it has shifted to speculation in metals.

If Marc Risk is the mystery buyer, it would have been an unusual move. While silver has long held lure for investors, tin has never been nearly so attractive, particularly now when stamps in the electronic, auto and food-canning industries have left demand for the metal at a low ebb. This further

fuels speculation as the Malaysian government as prime mover behind the tin binge, since that country produces about a third of world tin and would stand to gain the most from high prices.

The mysterious buying began last July, after the industrial world, led by the United States, Japan and the Soviet Union, pressed down the lid by major tin-producing nations to name world prices. Angry Malaysian officials stormed out of the meeting, threatening to join forces with Indonesia and Thailand to form a cartel that would control three-quarters of world tin production.

Since the 1970s, when the rich industrial world has been watching warily for further moves by other Third World producers to exact higher prices for their raw materials, such focus over prompted the industrial world to support a United Nations trade plan that would have stabilized world commodity markets and given producers higher prices. But as fears of further crippling controls slowly waned, so did the rich world's keenness to pay higher prices in exchange for stability of supply. Now, with a hard-pressed American administration determined to keep Third World prices low, Malaysia may have opted for its own discreet operation tin monopoly.

If Malaysia is behind the move—and it would be virtually impossible to run, finance and support the scheme without at least Malaysian connivance—its bid seems as far as has been paying off handsomely. Since only 40 per cent of the money has to be paid out at the time of the bid, much of the \$1 billion gambled has been on paper. (The price didn't really begin to fall in the London exchange until the mysterious agency started making cash purchases for immediate delivery.) Meanwhile, the price of tin has climbed dramatically, from a five-year low of 40.10 a pound in July to more than \$720 a pound last week. Just how much longer the mysterious purchasing group can bear the cost of keeping tin prices high is an open question. With some \$400 billion of tin under its control, the purchasing group runs the risk of pricing itself out of tin ore markets. The steel industry, which uses tin extensively as a coating to prevent rust, could turn increasingly to plastics and resins if tin prices climb too high. If Marc Risk and Malaysia are the mysterious players in the tin cover, the deal would certainly be a good one for Marc Risk, which would take a hefty commission without any risk. While the scheme could yet come toppling down on an overextended purchaser, Marc Risk as a wilderness could only get richer.

LINDA NEWBLE



With Jonathan Edwards in London.

PEOPLE

In political objections notwithstanding, Quebec came within a filigree of hosting the hand-deterred premiere to the new constitution before it was handed to Queen Elizabeth. Government graphic designer Les Ames, 31, decided last Friday night he would take his historical handwork across the Ottawa River to his home in rural Woodville to make sure the Gothic lettering looked properly. But supervisor Steven Turkel was nagged when he found the pages of parchment missing from Ames's desk and rushed after the just-departed designer. To Turkel's intense relief, he found Ames, not now under his arms, in the parking lot at the Canadian Government Exposition Centre. Ames's wife, Sylvia, had taken a five-minute detour to fill up the car's gas tank in Ottawa for the weekend. But his gas costing five cents more per litre. Not a calligrapher by trade, Ames approached his historic task with aplomb. "Normally, if you go to a calligrapher, someone who has really mastered it, they want an month to do the job," he explains. The artist in this case had to be quick in order to make any last-minute changes. And for security reasons he had to be a government employee. "After a work-up and on for about a week, I just sat down and did it," says Ames. "It took about a day and a half for sketching, one for the House of Commons, and one for the Senate." Since Ames normally does logos, cartooning and straight designing for the government, he had to learn the intricacies of Gothic lettering from a handbook. At the time it was just another "It's a thing, come on now," he sighs. "I didn't really think about it when I was doing it because I was so busy. I had 30 or 12 other things going on for the government at the same time. Now it's starting to sink in. This is going to be around for a long time."



Ames and the constitution: historic handwork took only a day and a half

clothes," he confessed, pulling a light blazer around her on a blousy morning. Fortunately for Griffiths, shooting ends up this week.

Even for Xenia, New York's mistress to Studio 54, it was an unusual group sitting in the 5th street smoking back two drinks until 3 a.m. But last week, there sat Prime Minister Pierre Trudeau, spaghetti-wielding at Sergio Leone, Michael Winkler, (the footloose son of Elizabeth Taylor) and international chess grandee Paolo Vireo, who has ascended from manager of Roger's to co-owner of Xenia. After dinner at Mr. Chen's, a Manhattan restaurant known more for its well-bellied

cheese than its food, the party went on to Xenia's night spot after, once again. Trudeau was all over the floor. His dining partner was a dinky blonde known to the establishment only as Mitty. Said our Xenia hanger-on: "We notice she was a model. We never ask about these things, you know."

Eerie things once wrote that "our forefathers' literary had little laugh or censure," but Douglas Barbour and Stephen Scobie are happy to prove him wrong. The two poets, who are also Canadian literature professors—Barbour, 41, is from Edmonton, and Governor General's Award-winner Scobie, 37, is a Victoria resident—are reaching for the mass market with *The Maple Leaf Forever*, an anthology of native Canadian poetry. "Stephen and I have a remarkably similar sense of humor. Of course a lot of people think it's perverse," notes Barbour. Further proof of their shared sense of humor is their first effort, *The Poets of Fox's Chateau*, a new collection of experimental verse. Arranging the first 50 words of the Book of Genesis in alphabetical order is one such experiment. "We call it hermeticistic translations—we translate Kabbalah into English but we get a totally different effect," explains Barbour.

"With dark hair and huge red lips, I guess producers see me as having a 1940s look," explains time-lodged actress Wendy Crewson. Hearing came to pass her attention in the part of a cockney newswoman in *10½* minutes.



Trudeau's mystery partner Mitty

Broadway critics were definitely cool in the opening of *Mouge* and Pierre but that was nothing compared to the New York chill the play's lead actress, Linda Griffiths, has been feeling lately. When independent movie makers John Kuylen and Maggie Renzi caught her performance they immediately offered her the lead in their new movie. Louise Griffiths shipped early into the role of a young woman embarking on her first extramarital affair, but the tight scheduling has caused its problems. Shooting began in New Jersey, along the windy cliffs that face the Hudson River opposite Manhattan, just as soon as the play closed. "I came down from Toronto for just a few weeks for Maggie and Pierre. I've been here several months and I have no winter



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PHOTOGRAPHY

A window on wistfulness

In a hard-nosed age, David Heath's photographs are frank and full of mercy



Soldier in an unassuming civility

It comes as a relief to discover that David Heath is far less hard-nosed when taking pictures than when naming them. The two series of his photographs on display at the National Gallery in Ottawa until Jan. 17 bear the highbrow titles of *A Dialogue with Solitude* and *Songs of Innocence*. But the photographs are frank and full of mercy, and survive their ponderous billing. Even though this is a hard-nosed age that is proudly resistant to poetry, passion and all but the shallowest sentimentality, anybody not moved by both the intensity of their message and their artfulness would have to be a very cold customer indeed.

If he were more hip to promotion—more in tune with the photographic marketplace—Heath might have come up with more cynical labels for his work. But the 50-year-old photographer sports long hair, wears his heart on his sleeve and is not interested in selling. "I am unable to deal with the demands of prestige—the money, the sponsorship, the showmanship." A resident of Toronto since 1970, he was born in Phil-



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adelphia, where he was abandoned by his parents at the age of 4. His similarities were formed in less image-conscious times, before art, charity and everything else came to rely on effective public relations. In a preface to *A Dialogue with Solitude*, 52 sombre black-and-white pictures taken between 1902 and 1963, he boldly summarizes his motivation as "love and concern for the human condition."

New-adults, with liberal humanist attitudes a popular target for upstart academics, such concern could drive ridicule. In fact, some of the images in *A*

Dialogue with Solitude are belabored and platitudinous (a troup in front of Carter's, a blind street musician), but most are subtle and so unquestionably sincere that they can survive without irony. And while the epigrams from Herman Hesse, James Baldwin et al introducing the 30 sections (arranged around such themes as war, love and the disenchanted) may get to be overbearing, the photographs themselves, like good blues music, simultaneously bring you down and lift you up. A woman sits alone reading; Alice Ginsberg's *Abuel*, with furrowed brow, she conveys such



Roller-skating lesson: when there are smiles, there is also apprehension

tortured idealism she makes you feel glad for all people whose intelligence surpasses selfishness. Even when there is no apparent comfort—a little boy with fear-filled eyes as round as saucers, a soldier with eyelids drawn against looking—there is calm in the face that at least the photographer stopped to notice these dramas. When there are smiles, such as in the photograph of a mother-caressed little girl learning to roller skate, there is also maturity and apprehension.

In contrast to these dark and moody scenes, *Stages of Innocence* is an altogether brighter affair. Consisting of 50 Polaroid 5x 7 1/2 images, it begins with a misty rainbow and a girl in a blouse striped yellow, red, blue, indigo and violet. Heath still surveys the world as a deserted child trying to connect, but instead of seeking out the company of the miserable, he has widened his community to include posturers, shoppers and slavers. Their diverse lives are ideally and intimately captured within the easy squares of 5x 7 1/2 snapshots. However, unlike many who work with Polaroid, Heath does not seem preoccupied with that medium's formalistic properties: its peculiar hue, distinctive shape and consistent depth of field. As always, he is absorbed by human survival. In both series there are mothers feeding babies, but in *A Dialogue with Solitude*, the mother is disengaged, her head deliberately omitted from the picture. In both series there are dogs that can't move, in the first, the dog is dead, in *Stages of Innocence*, the mutt is leashed to a bubble-gum machine and looks as if it doesn't mind at all. The Polaroid format may lend his pictures a raw, more modern air, but it is the artist's conscience that guarantees their timelessness. —DAVID LEVINE

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A storm over claims for refuge

By Val Bous

Replete with weighty furniture, flourishing plants, two dogs and a cat, snowing intensely as he sits, the suburban Toronto living room reveals a determination to put down roots. The apartment is home to Ricardo Galleguillos, 35, and his pregnant, Québécois wife, Patricia—but not for long. After rejection by the Refugee Status Advisory Committee (RSAC)—the board of non-partisan bureaucrats and appointed laymen that determines which refugees get sanctuary in Canada—Galleguillos has been given 60 days to leave the country. His last chance is a plea to Employment and Immigration Minister Lloyd Axworthy to be allowed to stay on humanitarian grounds. He and his wife will stay together whatever happens, states Galleguillos, peering at Patricia. "But how can I take her back to a country like Chile? I need to be a student activist there, so I will be blacklisted from good jobs. My mother says that the secret police looked everywhere for me after I left." Resulting in just three stretches in Chilean jails for political activity and the disappearance of his closest friends, Galleguillos sighs, "I just don't understand Canadian immigration law."

Such frustration and confusion abound in 1,500 other cases await assessment by a beleaguered RSAC and its tedious process of hearings, judgments and appeals that can take up to two years to complete. Meanwhile, the flow of exiles from Poland continues unabated, and daily new groups—Armenians, Syrian Christians, Germans, Hondurans—find their homes for their lives. The Immigration Act states that refugee status can be granted to any member of a "displaced or persecuted" group. But church, civil liberties and ethnic community leaders charge that the definition is applied unfairly, ignoring the most viciously persecuted groups in favor of those with stronger lobbies in Canada.



Polish refugees leave the Stratford station; Galleguillos and wife charge of bias.



As some press the case for compassion, others urge greater pragmatism. Mantana Peter Doyle, the Canadian Manufacturers' Association's director of industrial relations, "Demotic productivity is suffering because we're not getting the [skilled] people we need from abroad." To further complicate matters, public patience with the refugee question is running short. Since summer, the already overburdened system has been further enmeshed by 1,200 new refugee status claims by 800s, publicly described by Immigration Minister Axworthy as "exploiters"

of an application procedure that allows them to work in Canada until their appeals are heard. Last month, Axworthy took a stand on referring Canada's refugee judges, finally releasing a task force report that since June has inspired heated debate within the ministry. Some of its recommendations, Axworthy promises, will be implemented immediately, for the goal is "to reflect Canadian standards of fairness." The other suggestions have been tabled until early 1993—when they are

certain to spark more argument. That action is needed: there's little doubt—inefficiency hampers the entire process. Most claims are made in Canada at an oral hearing, often through translators that immigrants seldom are fallible. seldom do claimants understand their rights. In Ottawa, the transcripts are assessed by people who have never stepped eyes on the claimants nor, in all likelihood, the conditions from which they are fleeing. Passed for time, RSAC reads only about half the transcripts—the rest are evaluated in pencil. Worse still, the RSAC has no guidelines for assessing a claimant's credibility. Result: wonder the task force report warns of "the danger of falling into crystallized patterns of skepticism."

Church groups perceive other problems. They insist that Canada's record in accepting refugees has fallen short of the mark since the welcoming of the Boat People. This country's reputation as first in the world for offering sanctuary to the oppressed. In 1980, the year of the great influx, the gates opened to 40,000 refugees—50 per cent of total immigration. In 1982, however, Canada will accept 14,500—39 per cent of the total. Fifty thousand, says the Toronto-based Interchurch Committee on Refugees, is a reasonable goal. But do 50,000 want to come to Canada, says Raphael Varrault, director of immigration for the department of immigration. "There aren't large numbers of Indo-Chinese seeking resettlement," he responds. As for

Latin Americans, "the vast majority are campesinos who want to stay on the land." Kathleen Polansky, co-director of the Interchurch group, rejects that claim and warns that the criteria for selecting refugees are, in practice, drawing seriously close to those that govern the selection of ordinary immigrants: an urban background, a good education and marketable skills.

If urgency alone should dictate Canada's response to the global refugee problem, officials could be gazing at the potential claimants through the wrong end of the telescope. Of the almost five million people subsisting in refugee camps in Sub-Saharan Africa, Canada plans to take in 500. By contrast, 6,000 places will be found for East Bloc refugees, 30,000 strong, confined in camps in Austria. From the Middle East's tens of 15-million-member refugee camps, 400 will be accepted. There is room for only 1,000 from all of Latin America and the Caribbean—yet 100,000 are seeking refuge from violence in just 81 Salvador alone. To weigh one person's trials against those of another will always be a delicate task fraught with pitfalls, but many contend that the Eastern European exiles are compar-



Doyle is said for skilled laborers

tively well off. Said Polish refugee Andrzej Rudnicki as he stepped off the Refugee Bakery in Montreal last month: "I had two cars in Poland and no gas. All my money couldn't buy what we needed." Says Toronto Immigration lawyer Jerry Bloom: "The quotas bear no relation to who is most persecuted or who is greatest need."

Past Deputy director of Montreal's Bureau de la Communauté Chrétienne des Réfugiés, offers a cynical explanation: "People who see right-wing regimes are pressured to be commu-

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mate—to they are less desirable immigrants." Support for that charge can be found in the Immigration Act itself. Indo-Chinese who qualify for entry must have left their country "subsequent to April 30, 1975"—prior to that date, they would have been engaging the U.S.-supported Saigon government. Those leaving countries such as Cambodia or the U.S.S.R. qualify for entry into Canada under the heading "self-exiled persons"—they have only to be "unwilling or unable to return." But members of the "Latin American designated class" must prove themselves unable to return "by reason of a well-founded fear of persecution." Ricardo Galleguillos, for example, failed to convince the court that his three prison terms for political activity constituted "persecution." The committee's letter of refusal pointed out, "Your deficiencies did not involve torture or serious mistreatment." Yet Cubans, who account for the majority of this year's record number of defections at Gander airport in Newfoundland, need never prove imprisonment or physical abuse, allows Jarrett Letin, of the Gander Immigration Centre. "To my knowledge, all they have to do is say they're afraid."

Changes of political bias continue to resound, despite the task force report's assurances of change. Just how much change remains to be seen. Amoretti has already targeted three areas for prompt action. The government-published booklet explaining refugee claimants' rights—which has long been denied to refugees—will now be distributed widely at immigration offices and ports of entry. To alleviate the burgeoning work load, the task force has just been expanded to 11 members. And to ward off arbitrary decisions, Amoretti will provide guidelines determining precisely who qualifies as a refugee. Less immediate reforms are also planned, and when these become reality the IRAC must begin evaluating the full transcripts of all claimants from countries known to have refugee problems. The minister has also ordered a re-examination of the institutionalizing qualifying for the controversial "self-exiled class." Says he: "We should be looking not at whether people come from a communist country or one with a right-wing authoritarian regime, but simply whether they're escaping persecution."

The fate of other reforms suggested by the task force remains an open question. Among them, for example, is the suggestion—likely controversial—that the government join forces with private sponsorship groups and the provinces to ease the admission of handicapped and unskilled refugees to Canada. But whatever the outcome, the reforms will not affect the quotas. Nor will they nec-

essarily address an obstacle that confounds immigration lawyers: "Canada still has a refugee policy that doesn't allow potential claimants to get here," observes Michael Scheles, Amnesty International's refugee co-ordinator in Canada. Since 1977, Canada has slapped visa requirements on 12 countries, ostensibly to curb the flow of phony claimants. But among this group are countries—South Africa, El Salvador, Uganda, Chile and Haiti—with fearsome reputations for domestic repression. Last year, an Ottawa official admitted to Scheles that Salvadorans applying from Guatemala for visitor visas were being asked to make statements swearing that they were not victims of persecution and would not file for refugee status in Canada.



Self-avowing verities about sympathy

Starnes Scholow "Intimidating potential claimants with the threat of self-perjury contravenes international convention on refugees."

Whatever Immigration's good intentions, a gulf separates those who make the policies from those who act upon them. And a visit with hard-working middle-level immigration officials quickly shows their grounds for weariness with the refugee problem. On a typical Monday in a downtown Toronto hotel—served-immigration-detention-centre, refugee claimants watch color TV, sleep in a \$30-a-night hotel room and choose the menu for their three meals. They include a right-wing journalist, Turk, a musician from New York, wearing dreadlocks and a studded T-shirt, who says he is fleeing perse-



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tion by the Scientologists, and a sagged Sikh, who slipped his last hearing and then perjured himself before officials. Here all three will stay on the public patio until their appeals are assessed. For the Sikhs in particular, bureaucratic sympathy wears even thinner. So far the court has found that despite their accounts of oppression in their native India, precisely none of them meet Canadian criteria for refugee status. But, cautions Charan Gill, president of the B.C. Organisation to Fight Racism, it's dangerous to let human cases blast the edge of justice. "Some of these cases are genuine. India is known to imprison Sikh separatists."



Dickson, urging a clearer policy

For immigration, of course, the goal is far more complex than just the control of oppression. The department must also consider the resettlement of families and the expansion of a dwindling pool of skilled labor. Its mandate is to make choices that show the emerging character of this country.

Yet though hard choices loom ahead, they cannot be decided more erratically than they have been in the past. Elvira Lual, 34, had been tortured by the Chadian secret police and her father beaten and imprisoned; all the more she despaired of working her way from the north and attempted suicide. Only after Toronto newspaper columnist Michele Landsberg wrote about her case a year ago did Immigration finally relent. Costlylades Amnesty's Schele: "Immigration will always make humanitarian exceptions at specific cases—if someone persists hard enough. But refugees don't need exceptions. They need a new, clearer policy."

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CONSUMERISM

The ebbing of the credit card tide

By Mary MacNutt

In the three months leading up to Christmas this year, Canada's 8.5 million Visa holders and 8.6 million Mastercard customers will probably have spent \$5.4 billion with their little pieces of plastic. And in the new year the average card junkie will rattle up a \$579 balance on his account. Yet these enormous expenditures are deepening the credit card industry as it drops its ties. "I don't think any bank in Canada has made a profit on their credit cards in the last two years," ventures Sean McNamara, assistant vice-president of Canada Trust, an issuer of Mastercard. Bankers pale at the thought of releasing figures, but U.S. industry estimates put losses at \$40 million for the first half of 1985 alone. Retail credit cards are faltering too, despite their 28 per cent interest charges—well above bank card rates. "We're been hit very hard," concedes Robert Knox, a vice-president at Sears.

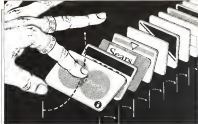
Although Knox, other retailers and

bankers lay most of the blame on the increased cost of financing, they acknowledge another growing danger: desperate in their fight with inflation, consumers are avoiding debt. Rick Robida, chairman of the Canadian Bank Association Bank Card Committee, estimates 50 per cent of bank card customers never pay interest on their accounts, a figure that has risen dramatically in the past two years. Confronted with an increasingly credit-conscious public, bankers are battling back with three measures to take effect in March. Cardholders with Scotiabank and the Toronto-Dominion Bank will have their interest-free period of grace shortened from 25 to 21 days. People trying to avoid full interest charges by making partial payments on their accounts will also be thwarted at Toronto-Dominion with a new interest calculation method. The scheme, already in place at Scotia-Bank and the Bank of Montreal, charges daily interest on the entire balance due up to the day of payment, then on the remainder until the end of the billing

period. Finally, all credit card customers can expect interest charge hikes from 21 up to 28.6 per cent.

But Canadian bankers admit the credit card industry must look beyond interest rate tinkering to raise more money. They unanimously predict Mastercard and Visa annual user fees similar to the \$35 charged by American Express. "The \$64,000 question is which bank will do it first," muses Peter Rahner, assistant general manager for Visa at Toronto-Dominion. Rahner and his colleagues are fed up with the present system that allows a customer to charge a trip to Barbados in December, soak up the sun in January and pay for his fun in February. Meanwhile, his money gathers interest in a bank account. "It's just not fair," complains Rahner.

Since 1978, user fees have been successfully operating in the United States, where charges range from \$12 to \$16. "Generally they were accepted," says Visa spokesman Chuck Ross in San Francisco. But one consequence was



that consumers picked out their favorite card and striped up the rest. Fortunately for the industry, people tended to work their surviving card twice as hard, concentrating and therefore increasing debt on the one account.

Bankers can certainly expect Canadian consumer outcry over user fees and other billing increases, but public addition to "plastic power" will undoubtedly proceed over epidemic card shopping. "People are used to the ease of credit cards and they're probably willing to pay for the convenience," admits Helen Anderson of the Consumers' Association

of Canada. Malinda Wilson, a Toronto office-supply student and self-confessed Mastercard slave, counters: "I don't know what I'd do without it. Sure I'm willing to pay."

Meanwhile, industry insiders have introduced the debit card. Touted by observers as the future keystone of all other bank services, the debit card will have its Canadian debut in Alberta and Saskatchewan credit unions, which plan to introduce Mastercard II next fall. Says Ed Geberl, chief executive officer of the corporation establishing the scheme: "We were looking at getting

into credit cards but then we saw all the problems. This seemed more sensible." The new breed of card operates like a check in that the user's bank account is debited right away, yet it can be processed anywhere Mastercard or Visa is honored without spilling one's entire wallet contents for identification. Visa, which makes no bank name distinction between its debit and credit cards, was the first company in the U.S. to offer the scheme three years ago, and Mastercard followed two years later. Already 3.4 million Americans have signed up for the free service. Bankers are attracted to debit cards for their ability to convert customer loyalty and their potentially palliative effect on rising credit card operations. By diverting customers who want a card only for cashless shopping, debit cards will allow credit card operators to concentrate on people willing to incur debt.

Although bankers balk at the suggestion they may abandon the credit card business altogether, Mastercard president and chief executive officer Russell Hogg recently predicted the debit card will outnumber its older sister within the decade. For banks cringing as their credit operations falter, and for consumers scrambling to recover from spending money they didn't have, the move from credit to debit looks eminently sensible. ☐



or you can pour a LEGEND.

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Under wraps: precious paper presents

In a year when the kids are more likely to find their Christmas stockings stuffed with Uncle's mortgage renewal notices than assorted goodies, the only reusable way to make up for that cancelled trip to Rimini may be a luxury cruise through the acolytes of Christmas gift books. Temporarily shorn that dog-eared copy of *How to Survive During the Coming Bad Years*, exchange your sports for a more braiding tonic and splash about in the Technicolor wonders publishers have cooped up for the season. (Over a year in transit the imagination tends its supply side fed too.



Wings of the Goddess from 'The New Color Photography'

If even an art book was destined to defy the usually derogatory adjectives "coffee-table," that book is Gordon Woodcock's magnificent *Just Ryer* (Globe/Gibbs & Whitehead, \$49.95). Not only is the thoughtful selection of Ryer's work exquisitely reproduced, but Woodcock's scholastic text is head and informative. Blessed, with a subject who can express his aesthetics only slightly less effectively in words than in colors, Woodcock has captured one of Canada's best and most difficult painters in mid-stroke.

"The inexperienced," Ryer once said, "judge paintings by their subject matter rather than by the thought behind them. It seems impossible for them to recognize the way things are put together—the style rather than the medium or subject." The way things are put together—Ryer's life, his thoughts and his work—is what Woodcock's book is all about. Readers are informed of what goes into his plotting landscapes and some, semi-surrealistic visions, gracefully, Woodcock leaves any final assessment of Ryer's work to the imagination of the viewer. Flatteringly designed and check-full of color plates, from Ryer's ever-changing "gift" book class to the last careful research, helpful appendix and, clear, un-



Fancy's Garner splash about in the Technicolor wonders

tered prose makes it reach, reach more. Not quite so much can be said of *Tom Orel's A Silent Thunder* by Roger Boslet (Breiten-Hall, \$49.95). This selection of Orel's watercolors is, also, a book for the coffee table if ever there was one. A book that will inevitably be buried beneath a pile of books such like it, *A Silent Thunder* suffers from the kind of writing that keeps art books in galleries and out of armchairs. "It is

English watercolor," writes Boslet of Orel's technique, "transformed by a meeting with the Orient, a meeting which is the discovery of a new world in an Ancient Nature, ever present, ever changing." Scarcely pausing to catch either breath or meaning, Boslet informs us that "it is not reality that changes but art and spherical perception, the shifting view almost reflexively dwell on the 'Still Point'."

Orel's economy and evocative postures do not lead themselves to much verbiage, and Orel's own notes on the color plates are succinct and interesting. The subtlety of his colors, however, is largely lost in reproduction. Page after page of misty, island, landscapes and ethereal mountains adds up to a surfeit. This book offers little more than a hint of Orel, were Orel's points in hints, readers are left with precious little.

Much more unassuming is *Barker Peck's Portraits* (Dutton, \$35.00), a handsome book that reveals a great deal about the artist, his modeling the art of portraiture. Farley, a reformed Gothic scholar and founder of *The Canadian Press*, was in his mid-40s before he seriously put brush to canvas. Now 94, he has collaborated with his editor, Gary Michael Dault, to produce this welcome selection. In his pensive, chatty voice, the artist has something to say about much of his art, such as Northern Pike, Hugh Garner, A.Y. Jackson and Karl Berney. He is fascinated by the relationship between artist and model, and his observations are, for the most part, suitable comparisons to chess, strong, angular portraits of James Keaney he writes, "a genius with the unique ability to write incoherently about things not incoherent."

Farley's paintings lend themselves well to reproduction, the colors are straightforward, the compositions powerful. Dault's introduction is no less



Algiers 'La Rochelle', the greatest ever

clear, accomplished and to the point. "In portrait after portrait, there is a coming through of all the emotions we have to show; fifty portraits together is like an emotional rainbow, a variety play stretching silently throughout the fifty years in which Barker Farley has been making pictures."

From the spectrum of emotions to the spectrum of color. Emily Sussman, author of *The New Color Photography* (Macmillan, \$39.95), gets right down to business, declaring in her introduction that her aim is nothing less than "to articulate visual and conceptual standards." Because the early history of color photography is only now coming to light, it might be premature for her to formulate a category called "new" still, but, again, if not deftly expressed, are pertinent enough to be stimulating, and she offers enthusiastic readings of color work done since the late '50s by a generation that realized that color was a medium that need not be restricted to glorious assets. The 160 photographs include William Eggleston's perfectly ordinary people looking perfectly depressed, Joel Meyerowitz's pink skin, as well as, to Sussman's credit, work by exciting discoverers Mink Karpas and Len Jensen.

As Sussman's book makes clear, an eye for pictures doesn't guarantee a talent for prose. John Szarkowski, director of the department of photography at New York's Museum of Modern Art, is twice blessed. *The Work of Atget* (Old France Macmillan and Stewart, \$33.00) is the first of four volumes appearing in conjunction with four shows at a street dedicated to illuminating the achievement of Eugene Atget, a French photographer who died in 1927 and is regarded by some as the greatest photographer who ever lived. Szarkowski provides a clear-sighted, compassionate apprecia-

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tion of Anquet's art, its strength ("the breadth and generosity of its imagination") and weakness (occasional dullness). Some might complain because Stankovic and his partner, Maria Morris Hainburg, have chosen a thematic presentation, but the points (the collective subject of which is the rural foundations of France—towns, downy country roads) are impressively reproduced, and Hainburg's notes are scrupulous.

Unlike Anquet, who pursued a solitary vision in electricity, American master Edward Steichen had many owners and knew how to get ahead. He was already a living legend when in 1942 he managed to get himself put in charge of the U.S. Navy's photographic staff, whose main mission was to record the work of aircraft carriers in the South Pacific.

Christopher Phillips' *Steichen at War* (Preston Hall, \$20.00) is a distillation of thousands of images captured by Steichen and the younger photographers who followed his guidelines. Some of the pictures are artfully dramatic—a dead fund emerging from rubble, the deck of an aircraft carrier that looks like an imaginatively lit set. The rest are publicity pictures of military might, taken from a human interest angle and meant to mail the kind of trust that is hard to master after reading Steichen's



From "Quest for Adventure" tough times

where a number of his unit. "Robert once wrote—that's the only way to get national circulation."

From the challenge of war to the challenge of nature. What do explorers and adventurers have left now that all the deserts, mountains and remote seas have been conquered? British mountaineer Chris Bonington provides an answer in his richly illustrated anthology of postwar daredevilry *Quest for Adventure* (Nascon, \$20.00). Quite simply,

Bonington's rock-hard tales, chockers, desert trekkers and dream make them as tough as possible. If Magellan and Drake circumnavigated the globe, then why not do it again, but alone, and in a small sailboat, as Francis Chichester did? And, to anti-Chichester Chichester, why not forlorn all stupors for repairs and supplies, as was stipulated by the London Sunday Times in its Golden Globe race of 1966? Thanks to sharks, boat-breaking waves and a terrible loneliness, only one of nine competitors finished, yet the most compelling tale belongs to one of the laurels: Donald Crowfoot's shattered body in the aerial run down the Atlantic, so he decided to feel everyone by turning back to England, pretending he had gone round the whole globe. But the strain of the professorial lecture here, and the somewhat staid before reaching port. Most of the 30 other stories here are as exciting—but far more happy.

Perhaps the safest spot to view treacherous waters or mountain peaks is from 3,000 feet up, which is the vantage point of Canada from the Air (Hunting Publishers, \$20.00). So Cort's text jumps from dull to adequate, but James Kruttsch's photographs—at least the best of them—are spectacular. This is how the gods must see our country—



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Facts About FOSTER PARENTS PLAN

What is Foster Parents Plan? PLAN is a non-profit, non-sectarian, non-political social service agency. Our goal is to help children, whose families and communities overseas to help themselves. Through social welfare, health, education and community development programs, PLAN avoids long-term dependency—and hopes, in time, to enable the society to assume a greater responsibility for its own people.

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as a knowledge of patterned colors. From the sun, the Madrone River Delta is a splashing of molten silver on a black velvet ground. Baskedowners pot-bellied become the curled, wrinkled skin of a gipsy worm, and in a British Columbia meadow, holes of hay catching the evening sun glow like tiny red planets. Indeed it is the vast, empty places that make the strongest impression, for in these details is subordinated to the sweeping force of design and color. The more concentrated works of man—cities, factories, freight yards—seem jumbled and overly familiar by comparison. A number of other colorful books have persuaded us that the land is beautiful. That this one brings a freshness to that old argument is a considerable accomplishment.

For adventurers who wish to remain nearer to the ground, *The Ultimate Fishing Book* (Thomas Allen & Son, \$49.95) should suffice. Eugene Lee Shinkov and DeConroy Taylor have taken to heart the maxim coined by the late Arnold Gingrich, former editor of *Ramparts*: "The best fishing is done in print." These 10 remembrances of funny things just afloat for crappies, muskies, tarpon, Atlantic salmon, steelhead, bass and scorty trout. (A more appropriate title might have been *The Ultimate Trout - Fishing is - the - North-eastern-USA Book*.) The best catch is Geoffrey Norman's *A Fisherman's Sonnet*, an elegant poem to the simple truth that "there is more to this catching fish." While the prose throughout is generally lean and intelligent, the illustrations veer toward heavy sentiment and often clutter the book like a clutch of seagulls feeding a stream of wily brown trout.

To many things, add the hurry and demand. In recent years publishers have realized that man's brain when his follow brain can be profitable, but simple nature guides no longer suffice witness *The Dinosaur Book of Animals* (Wiley & Sons, \$49.95). David Day, author of *The Tolkens Dictionary*, has produced an honor roll, beautifully illustrated, of the more than 300 vertebrate species extinct since 1660 (death date of the dodo). His purpose, too sensibly achieved, is to show "the reality of extinction," both previously and currently. Before man, for example, passenger pigeons made up 40 per cent of North America's bird population, by 1914 they were extinct. No wonder we set quite matches the soulful of an immediately complex and unique genetic code evolved over millions which can never be reproduced. Day's message is clear: stop. At the same time, having sketched out for this lattermost medi-

conservation concepts: the importance of knowing what goes where.

Most of us have many appliances around the house. Some of them use more energy than others. One of the best ways to use electricity wisely is to be especially aware of the big energy users.

For example, making sure there is a full load before turning on dishwashers, washers and dryers, can save a lot. Keeping all electrical appliances cleaned-up and tuned-up is another important conservation concept.

Electricity has a lot of work to do for us today. It's too valuable to waste. So, check the list below, to help you know where the power goes and where important savings can be made.

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Black & Decker	500	240	9.60
Clothes Dryer	4,800	80	3.20
Cooling (Water) automatic (that water not included)	100	5	.32
Dishwasher (not water not included)	1,300	15	.72
Food Processor - 15 cu. ft.	325	75	3.00
Food Processor - 15 cu. ft. front load	425	90	3.60
Furnace (Hot Water) oil/gas	950	150	4.00
Furnace (Oil) burner	260	50	2.00
Quick-Cooling	1,450	22	.88
Range (electric)	12,500	100	4.00
Refrigerator-Freezer - 12 cu. ft.	300	120	4.80
Refrigerator-Freezer - 12 cu. ft. (front load)	500	150	6.00
Room Air Conditioner (6,000 Btu per hour)	900	60-80	2.40-3.60 (per season)
Room Air Conditioner (8,000 Btu per hour)	1,400	90-90	3.60-4.20 (per season)
Television - Black & White	260	30	1.20
Television - Colour	250	40	1.60
Water Heater	3,000	500	20.00

When you're buying new appliances, check the EnergyGuide ratings to see how energy efficient they are. All refrigerators, freezers, dishwashers, clothes washers and ranges leaving the factory carry the label. The EnergyGuide label makes it easy to select from among comparable appliance models the one which uses the least

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*Monthly cost based on the average cost per kWh of 47 for Ontario residential customers.

case, the reader may wonder why this book gives no indication whether its author and publisher intend to donate part of the profit to the cause.

From extinct beasts to dwindling cultures. When the People's Republic of China "annexed" Tibet in 1959, the country suddenly became an hard-to-locate Shangri-La, and a good deal less friendly. Anything uniquely Tibetan was systematically destroyed. The Dalai Lama, exiled in India, was almost the only proof that the place had ever existed. Tibet (Harcourt Publishers,

\$30.00) is a gift book with an unusual purpose, a gesture of atonement made by a newly revisionist Chinese government.

Some customs are recorded here taken through the cultural looking glass. In Tibet, only those who die criminals or victims of infectious diseases are buried; their souls lacked underground where they cannot escape to pollute the cycle of reincarnation. The godly are given colonial burial; their bodies taken to high rocks where they are dismembered, bones buried or crushed and the flesh fed to sacred vultures. Other remnants of pre-communist Tibet are not

worth mourning, such as the custom that "women must obey, like tools that have the power of speech."

Yet even if the laws are not all good, how much better it is to be once again privy to the legs of this tattered kingdom that sits so close to the sky. And how many from these new pictures to understand the sentiments of this Tibetan past. This order of lessons, This cure of the earth, This heart of the world/Ferred round with none.

New China, in keeping with its revolutionary appetite, also ate its own history for breakfast; in 1949, and has managed to preserve much of it, so-gargolized. It takes an anthropologist's imagination to breathe life into the careful pages of *Out of China's Earth* (Prestice-Hall, \$60.00), a chronology of China's most important archeological discoveries since the revolution. But when the reconstruction is complete, life-size terra-cotta warriors march up and out of the tomb in a triumphant public creation with the past.

This is a record of tomb builders, rulers of the people, characters like the lady Fu Hui, wife of a Shang dynasty king. While food enough of the domestic arts to be buried with a well-used rock-stone, Fu Hui was also a woman warrior who won many campaigns for her husband. Carved jade figurines and daggers were her grave-fellows; jade was always the aristocrat's worldly measuring stick. By 206 B.C., members of the imperial court were being buried in

MACLEAN'S BEST-SELLER LIST

Fiction

- 1 Noble House, Clavell (1)
- 2 The Great New Hampshire, Irving (2)
- 3 Bodily Harm, Sherrill (2)
- 4 Cape King (2)
- 5 An Indecent Obsession, McEwan (1)
- 6 How I Spent My Summer Holidays, Mitchell (1)
- 7 The Third Deadly Sin, Sanders (7)
- 8 The Rebel League, Sanders (6)
- 9 Twin Ship, Cooney
- 10 God Emperor of Dune, Herbert (10)

Nonfiction

- 1 The Aquilifers, Korman (4)
- 2 Flowers Across the Border, Berke (2)
- 3 The Art of Robert Rauschenberg, Dorry (2)
- 4 The Lord God Made Them All, Hovey (2)
- 5 Invitation to a Royal Wedding, Spent (2)
- 6 Man of Property, Goldenberg (6)
- 7 The Game of Our Lives, Gussow (7)
- 8 Cannon, Sagan (10)
- 9 The Secret Life of the Unicorn Child, Strong (10)
- 10 Diplomatic Passport, Schiller

(1) Publishers best-seller

W

hen The Financial Post 500 came off the press, its rankings made news in print, broadcast and television across the country.

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grave yards of jade wales, laid out for the bee sleep like shortly grown robots.

The life of the Chinese people is revealed by lanterns, the glowing intricacy of their crafts, the pride of blossoming skill. The other record is a grisly one: the tremble show that it became slightly less popular over the centuries, to bury slaves alive with their dead masters. But sometimes the facts have been a direct time tunnel linking the past to the real life of now. In 1989, Chinese villages established on a major collection of artifacts from the Eastern Han dynasty, including beautiful bronze horses, inevitably they destroyed much of the history of the site, intent on one thing: that these silent, cold horses might bring them enough money to buy a horse-driven cart.

The six tribes living around Lake Turkana in Kenya are living their own prehistory, isolated from much of the 20th century. The el-Mole, a group of about 400, has even travelled backward in time from the pastoral life attained by the other tribes to a simple hunter-gatherer mode. (Clarke, Iowa, \$35.95) is an attempt on the part of African photographer Mohamed Amin to record these lives before they reach the vanishing point in that by now familiar rush to modernization. These tribes will not leave photographs as well as bones behind as puzzle pieces for future archaeologists.

Richard Leakey and many paleoanthropologists believe that Lake Turkana is literally the cradle of mankind. An account of Leakey's work and large color photos featuring the skulls of our oldest known ancestors set a grandstand face for the book early on. Each of the six narrative segments is ripe to dead-end! Amin has caught perhaps the Samburu's "last" mass circumcision ceremony, the Mursi are not going to be allowed, rather increasingly regulated Kenya or Ethiopia, to keep the full feature of sword-bearing the gesture of a slave owner around their necks. This is perhaps not to be regretted. But it seems inevitable that the cradle will soon be empty of all but paleoanthropologists.



Samburu warriors/Camel from an auxiliary cruise through the park

For the serious reader, the slogan for this Christmas could be "Give the gift of a way of life now gone forever." A good choice is a Canadian variation on the theme, *The Last Light on It* (Wiley/Penguin Publishers, \$14.95). The "last" of the title is not so long ago. Richard Harrington made his trips to photograph front bands in the Arctic between 1947 and 1953, the children of his pictures are adults now, everything changed even more brutally for them than it has for the rest of us.

Harrington's narration is a little thin, and many of the 150 black-and-white photos are left frustratingly uncaptioned. But he has the true adver-

tiser's very talent for understatement; he describes as "trek undertakes" in such cold weather that he and the dogs and his travelling companions were all sporting blood from simply breathing the air. "We decided to make it a short day." Most of his subjects are caught slightly in well-prepared sessions of hunting or igloo-building. The climate is not conducive to catching candid shots. But Harrington's record for the last sets of Arctic survival suffers a quick death in the last pages of the book. Here Harrington records the slow starvation of a Palestinian band caught with little food for the winter. Harrington managed to make it back to a warmer world and publicize their plight. The government did arrange a food drop, but was dried pine and beans, which the band did not have enough fuel to cook. Says Harrington: "I never knew how many at the head end of hunger."

And finally, from the heavy to the light. There is, after all, the season of the "leaky" light bulb, when the ephemeral is given left and the whimsical solemnity answered. One of this year's top candidates in *Wishes* (Penguin-Hall, \$25.00), *Wish* Joan's pleasantly feminist essay on the made and meaning of wishes, who, in her opinion, "was used as the lightning rod for society's fury." Joan is very much present, in light of their historical association with women, persecution, paper religion, peasant healing and sexuality. A history of wish and/or (leaky) wishes which are treated here as a sort of mythic residue of recent patriarchal history.

Unfortunately, Joan's manuscript is divided by too much he-him with verse, and the art is more suggestive of Halloween than wish. Joseph A. Smith, seized upon the historical fact that witches like to dance and work naked, or "wicked," to render post-breasted creatures looking like catfaced on beacons. Well, if you can't have fun, pray for us.

Reviewed by John Brunner, Anne Collins, Mary Connolly, Maria Jackson, David Longbottom, David Macpherson and Joe Pearson.

MUSIC

Under wraps: classic gifts



Christmas presents are all too often ephemeral or uninspired. A new record can offer an ideal solution. One perfect gift this year is the *Musica al Symphonica* recording of Rodrigo's delightful *Concierto de Aranjuez* and Francisco Perea on guitar and orchestra. (London/PolyGram) The music is replete of Spanish orange groves and royal pleasure gardens, the felix grass and studied artfulness of Carlos Bonell's playing almost perfectly match the pace of Carlos Bonell's conducting.

At a slower level of music making (and guitar playing), Louis Reed nonetheless comes up with beautifully fresh versions of well-known carols in *A Gator for Christmas* (B). The arrangements (several her own) sound the tired and tawdry and rarely overlay their welcome. It's a world of candlelight and travel but the decorations are both pleasant and ingenious.

More more intriguing—indeed headline making—is a record from the current world champion, senior Luciano Pavarotti. *Pavarotti Presents* (VTO Masterworks) presents previously unrecorded and generally unknown "outtakes" from early Verdi operas. There are no masterpieces here, but many of these delusions were showcase arias at one time and emerge from their grooves in shining renewal. Pavarotti levitates on three his virtuoso mix of power and flame. As a bonus, Claudio Abbado conducts the patchy, indomitable but utterly fascinating full-scale *Overture* to *La Traviata*.

Another musical superlative barely unearthing buried repertoire in *Stabat Mater* by Galya. Her maternal anxiety and liquid arpeggios are beautifully



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One of the oldest distilleries in the world, Jack Daniel's Distillery is still a family business. (Photo: © 1991 Jack Daniel's)

What's Scottish for "Short Shirt"? And who cares?



recorded in Carl Reinecke's *Four Concertos in D and G major* ("Undine"), but the triumph seems wasted on the undistinguished, anachronistic concertos. The music is more imaginative, though hardly a showstopper. Let's hope this record doesn't signal a vogue for the resurrection of minor 19th-century piano concertos.

One would imagine the Toronto Symphony's new record of Beethoven's (18th-Masterworks) to be a good stocking stuffer, but the two charming *L'Arlesienne* Suites are artfully played, with Andrew Davis imposing some rather stodgy tempo. It appears, however, that someone fed conductor and orchestra a hearty lunch between recording takes, for they perk up considerably for the final "Andante" and the exuberant *Jour d'Arlesiens* suite.

There is much more wit and fun when the Berlin Philharmonic, under conductor Herbert von Karajan, lets its

daily in south-west Asia.

In the heavy-duty symphonic areas, two more Karajan (1957/58/Gramm) recordings claim attention: *Requiem* had it that Karajan's new digital recording of Holst's *The Planets* eclipsed even the mighty reading by Sir Adrian Boult. Seriously it does—you hear the score as never before—but spiritually, in depth of understanding and perfection of tempo, it does not. Both conductors are giants, but while Karajan is a serene Olympian Jove, Boult is a heroic, searching Prometheus. Perhaps more recordings should have both scores.

If *Kurosawa* is in second place with *The Planets*, he's a lap ahead of most rest with a new recording of Mahler's *Symphony No. 8*, arguably the Record of the Year. The work seems to speak eternally from beyond the veil of death. Certainly it is death-battered, and until the final redemptive statement its loneliness is either posed on the verge of cardiac arrest or threatened by poisonous humor or wild delirium. Kurosawa lays bare the anatomy of this awesome symphony, but also seeks its soul. The result is both warming and frustrating.

If this sounds too forbidding for the festive season, but you still want to give



means more, the jump for 1986's new line of Great Performances may have made your choice easier. Tivoli's engineers have succeeded in elevating many recordings from the '60s and '80s toward the pre-digital standards of the '70s, the series is so ideal, secure way for the beginner to build a home collection. The recordings are so good, you'll still while this could so easily be a marketing con, in fact it is not. Judging by the recordings heard so far, such as Leonard Bernstein conducting Shostakovich's *Symphony No. 4* and Captain's *Billy Budd* and Rodin, George Stoll conducting Bernstein and Dvorak and Isaac Stern playing Beethoven's *Violin Concerto*, the series is a real deal. Use up the class, made for them. All that is missing is the gift wrap.

—JAMES PEARSON

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FILMS



Keaton, Beatty interview intimacy in the midst of historical chaos and strife

The romantic revolution

REDS

Directed by Warren Beatty

Reds may be the first \$30-million movie made with the intellectual in mind—the thinking, feeling man's epic. Despite its indulgence (there are many) and commercial awkward 2½-hour length, it's still the best picture of the year, daring on many counts, beautifully shaped, shot and paced together, never anything less than intelligent, with sequences that put these in most other movies to shame. It's easy to understand how *Reds* took so many years out of producer-director-writer-star Warren Beatty's life, and its overall triumph makes its misadventures and pauses for breath seem trivial.

The story of John (Jack) Reed (Beatty), the American journalist who wrote the trailblazing eyewitness account of the Russian Revolution, *Ten Days That Shook the World*, is unfamiliar to pop culture, even less familiar is his relationship with Louise Bryant (Faye Dunaway). Beatty and his co-screenwriter, Trevor Griffiths, have brought the two—a great love story set against the sweep of history—but it's the love story that emotionally guides us into the events and ultimately takes a final hold on us. Since the terrorist *Reds* traverses its so separate, organically, anachronically and irrationally, Beatty has had to find a method of shorthand to squeeze it all in. The structure he

employs is as effective as it is original: "extraneous," such as Will Durant, Henry Miller, Adela Rogers St. Johns and Rebecca West, who were contemporaries of Reed and Bryant, reminiscent of them, often vaguely. More importantly, these old, wrinkled "real" people are his ghosts reeled from the past, speaking with authority about the nature of their times, their views—become a narrative device, keeping the complex story lucid throughout. This can't tell us much about Reed and Bryant, other than "they were a couple," as it is left to Beatty to imaginatively create their private world.

From their first meeting in Portland, Ore. (a funny, night-long session where Louise interviews the suspicious Jack Reed), to the final scene in Russia, *Reds* is an intense, stirring, towering tale, open not like a few cloth. As daring and creative as cinematographer Vittorio Storaro and production designer Richard Slybert have made *Reds* look, everything the paces behind the emotional roles Beatty and Keaton bring to Jack and Louise, free spirit happily gaudily by each other. There's an intimacy in the scenes between these two usually not reserved for epics. We watch their dance and seduce rights away in the middle of arguments and cigarette smoke in Greenwich Village, we witness their moral, rising battles where words are used and hand-daggers as quickly applied. Each is the other's cross to bear, without which

neither would want to live. *Reds* suggests that the mystery of love resides in its inherent paradoxism. Always in the shadow of his rising celebrity, Louise watches as Jack keeps getting into tussles, finds romance in the shaky arms of the hard-drinking Eugene O'Neill (memorably embodied by Jack Nicholson), but never abandons her commitment. Jack has his doubts; she has him. When, near the end, the two meet up for the last time in a train station in Moscow, *Reds* allows us to discover—and feel—what is ultimately more important.

Though Beatty doesn't have the swirling, open the directing technique of Beresford, *Reds* is similar to 1990 in creating scenes that get the blood pumping, the most outstanding being the revolution itself, a seamlessly edited sequence composed to *The Intouchables*. Never better than in these big movie beats tend to be, it features, for example, Beatty's screaming what is



Nicholson: his wit, acerbity and passion of truly intelligent people

possibly the worst dinner ever cooked in movie history. The characters talk with the wit, acerbity and passion of truly intelligent people. "I'd walk you home," says Reed solidly to his friend, anarchist Emma Goldman (Maureen Stapleton). "Why?" she replies. "I won't hurt anybody."

While rich in historical detail, *Reds* is even wealthier in emotional depth. Beatty knows that history, besides being comprised of ideas and ideals, is at its base founded on millions of smaller, private stories, such as that of Jack and Louise, two people who keep missing, but always find each other again. As an artist he has taken the absolutely right step with this regally magnificent love story.

—LAWRENCE O'TOOLE



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Quality and variety

Where are the women in the House?

By Allan Fotheringham

A female friend once explained a source of quiet rage that would surprise most Canadian males—who go through their three scores and ten in a cocoon of contentment. It was she, sitting before the slot bus and at it as her husband watched *The National* with its raggedy clips from the House of Commons and seeing a sea of grey and blue suits. Male domination of society distressed no better than by that check-by-jowl blur of black and grey. Where is the other 50 per cent of the population?

Every night at 11, she indulged with some better-known, Kaviton Nash introduces to every woman in the land a reminder of why they are powerless politically. A blue and grey advertisement for female ineptitude.

The strange situation, which future historians will ponder over, is spotlighted even more by the evidence that Britain is about to acquire its second straight female prime minister. The victory of rangy Shirley Williams as a downy safe Tory riding in Liverpool clinches the surge of the new Social Democratic Party. All the polls indicate it would win the crucial Labour Party vote, leaving the Tories in the left, and the grandmaster of Maggie Thatcher's Shirley Williams, easily the wisest and most trusted politician in Britain, is the first to stand under the banner of the SDP and is favored to become its first leader. Of open-mindedness roots, the message to give the appearance of a barely dressed, friendly Girl Guide leader (Margaret Thatcher, with her Attilla the Hun set, is the daughter of a greaser and attempts to emulate a grand dame with her imperious manner and coquettish air). Nevertheless, they dominate British politics at a time when the accepted rule has never been more in need of upward, tough leadership.

The serious thumb-suckers theorize that the British women, seated to "Parliament and now lost to "Dan Shar" because they have lost faith in the male. Allan Fotheringham is a columnist for *Atlantic News*.



leaders. If Britain's present economic and anti-integrated industry, union work force, service sector, a pension plan system—were produced by men, could women at the top do any worse? It seems unlikely. What is so commonplace is that if the hidebound Brits can take the large leap and trust women who can't Canadianize? Could any woman with the legendary trouble with arithmetic, do as colossal a miscalculation of a budget as Allan MacKenzie? It is impossible to believe. Could any woman possibly be any worse than Pierre Trudeau in taking 18 years to steadily and aff-

got so excited about its during its appointing Jeanne Sauvé. What it means is that for all the women in this country who do not agree with the lofty Liberals, from the Rocky Mountains to the Atlantic, there is just one woman in the Commons: Kingston's Flora MacDonald. It doesn't strain you that any progress is being made.

Israel, the most godless nation on earth, may treat its future as a Golda Meir, and India, the second most populous nation on earth, may treat the wily Indira Gandhi to guide it, but Canada, the most cautious nation on earth, will doesn't trust its females. It's interesting that North America as a whole, the birthplace of the liberated woman, has the least faith in its most fear of women in politics. There is not a single woman in the country in danger of taking over the leadership of a party at the federal level or in one of the major provinces. Rumors have given it a rattle at the last federal NDP leadership convention, and even Campagna would add some spice at a Liberal one if Pierre Elliott Trudeau's son were to run for office. Otherwise, silence.

The liberated ladies walk the corporate halls

recently voted out the Liberal party in the four western provinces, both federally and provincially. The vote is no.

Then is not the moment to go into, again, the phenomenon of Canadian politics not only male leaders but professional bachelors, i.e., Markie King, Trudeau. (It has something to do with Freudianism, Jung and long wars.) More useful to contemplate the fact that an indication why the Conservatives and the SDPs are in almost permanent opposition status is that they can muster only four females in their combined total of 125 MPs. Even worse, three of those MPs—Pauline Jewett and Margaret Mitchell of the NDP, Pat Carney of the Tories—are from British Columbia, which for the past 30 years has had the strongest tradition of female politicians as any province. (It has something to do with women voters.)

BC had a Jennie Specker, Nancy Hodges, 30 years ago, the first one in the Commons, with, long before Ottawa

these days with gold-embossed processes. Their credit cards snap down quarterly over the lunch chop. They march off to Italy alone, they command ski condos. They march most everywhere in self-confident trousers, everywhere but into Canadian politics. They almost dominate the Canadian electronic media, from Adrienne Clarkson to Barbara Frum, Elizabeth Gray, Helen Hasty, Barbara Amiel, and every local station you can find. Margaret Atwood and Marlene Engel and Margaret Laurence and Mavis Gallant have made an international cult of Canadian female fiction. The real fiction of Canadian life—that women do not exist, do not form 50 per cent of the population—runs in Canadian politics. It's one of the main reasons for the cynicism and indifference toward Ottawa, with its supposed ways, its Victorian traditions, and tired stratagems of avoiding reality. It's why Canadian public life is so blue and grey.



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